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CROWDED HOUSE

The second homecoming...

PLUS:

- MACHINATIONS
- STEVE MARTIN
- UB40
- DEACON BLUE

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DAVIS:**

Tells it to the moon



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JULY 15 & 16 New Century Hotel, Adelaide

22 Prince of Wales Hotel, Melb. + Space Juniors

23 Barwon Club, Geelong + N.T.T.

29 Bell St Rock + Mortal Sin (Cremator only)

30 Duke of Edinburgh, St Kilda (Cremator only)

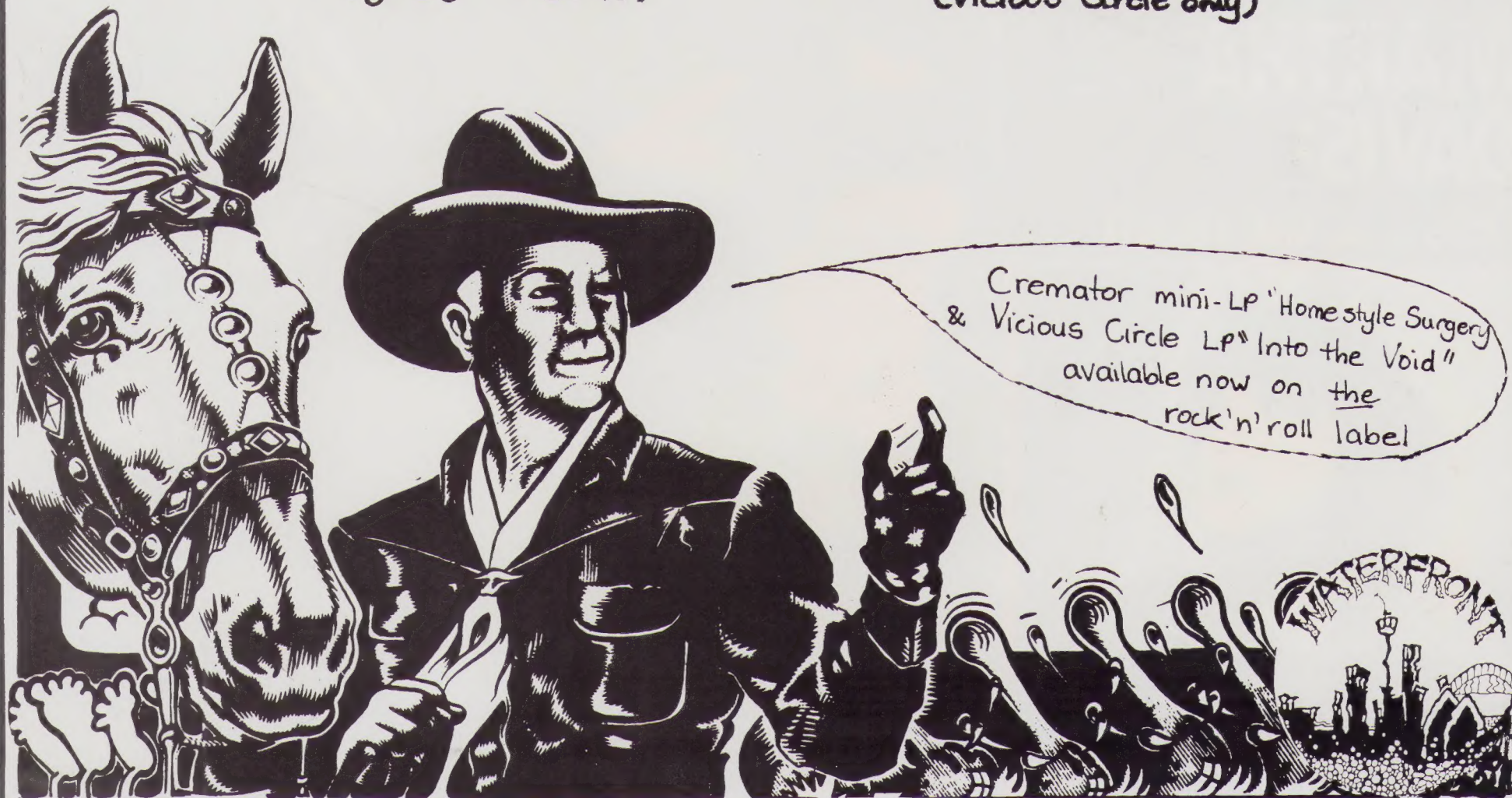
AUG 4 St James Tavern, Sydney **RECORD RELEASE NIGHT!**

5 Sutherland Royal, Sydney

6 Hills Inn, Sydney + Massapeal

7 Lansdowne Hotel, Sydney + the Hell-

18-28 Penrh menn
(Vicious Circle only)



THREE CALL IT QUILTS

Melbourne's Kids In The Kitchen, Olympic Sideburns and Sydney's Love Gone Wrong, have all split.

The bands' members and management have cited various reasons for their disbandments, but it is coincidental that all three frontmen will now be pursuing solo careers.

KIDS CALL IT A DAY

The core of Kids In The Kitchen has split in two, with frontman Scott Carne going it alone. Guitarist Claude Carranza and bassist Craig Harnath will keep working together as a writing team. Both parties are also believed to have recording projects on the boil.

According to the band's manager, Simon Zaicz, the split was amicable and came at a time when the band was forced to re-assess its future, by the expiry of record and publishing deals:

"The decision (to split) was made about three weeks ago at a stage when the band was due to renew record and publishing contracts, which would have committed them for another three years", Zaicz said.

"So the three had to decide whether they wanted to commit themselves for that length of time, or whether there was more important things they wanted to do on their own. They decided to disband. I think they feel they've travelled about as far as they can as a band and it's time for a change".

Scott Carne was in Bali and could not be contacted for comment at presstime.

Kids In The Kitchen played their first dates in Melbourne in mid '83. Their debut single "Change In Mood" went top-10 nationally and their 1985 LP *Shine* spawned no less than six

singles, all of which graced the national top-20.

The latter part of the Kids' career was chequered with line-up changes and rumours of internal bickering. The band's follow-up LP of last year, *Terrain*, reflected an apparent lack of unity within the band and made very little impact on local charts.

LOVE GOES WRONG

Love Gone Wrong's John Kennedy has cited "millinery differences" as the reason for the split of his Sydney-based band.

"Cory (Messenger, guitarist) said he didn't like my hat!" Kennedy said last week with a smile.

"No, really, it just boiled down to a series of decisions made by individual members of the band, regarding their varying degrees of satisfaction with what was happening. My plans to



Love Gong Wrong — going, going... gone. move to the States next year didn't make it worthwhile to recruit new members, so we've decided to call it a day".

The band is planning one final national tour, which is expected to take place some time in the next couple of months, although dates have yet to be finalised.

"The whole independent music scene has collapsed here (in Australia) and there are even smaller audiences to go around than there was a few years ago. The band hasn't really made any headway towards achieving any level of commercial success and I think everyone, including myself, is tired of waiting for something to happen. I never promised anything to any of the members. They all joined the band because of their satisfaction of playing the music, but individual members became discontented with the rate of the band's progress and their level of self-satisfaction. There are absolutely no hard feelings at all. We've just wound up a Queensland tour and we're still planning these farewell gigs.

"It's kind of a relief for me in a way. It's a hard job, trying to hold a band together and making concessions to the other people in the band. I'm relieved that I don't have to make considerations for the other members and I've already started writing and demoing for solo projects. The decision has given me the freedom to start plotting my own course again. The demise of Love Gone Wrong is just another hurdle in a stop/start, up-and-down career of John Kennedy!"

Meanwhile, it is uncertain what the band's other members will do, although bass guitarist Michael Armiger has already secured a spot

with The Johnnys.

Original Love Gone Wrong bassist Barry Turnbull will join the band on stage for their farewell dates.

SIDEBURNS SHAVED

Melbourne's Olympic Sideburns have also bitten the dust, with vocalist Jex Byron planning to trek the solo trail.

According to sources close to the band, the split was the product of "musical and personal differences". Apparently the level of commitment within the ranks left a little to be desired.

The Olympic Sideburns were formed in 1982 by Byron, David Spencer and Spencer P. Jones (who later joined The Johnnys).

The band released a number of records in their six years together. Their debut indie elpee sold 25,000 copies worldwide, but that success was never really matched by follow-up vinyl despite signing to the Doc/White Label in August last year.

Jex Byron is currently writing and demoing material and he is expected to form a new solo band early next year to coincide with a single/LP release.

Olympic Sideburns played their last show at The Old Greek Theatre in Melbourne about a month ago.

It is not known what other members of the band have planned.

— BYRON SMITH

GEORGE'S PAIN IN THE NECK



George Michael has been told to shut up for two weeks, after undergoing surgery in London to remove a cyst from his vocal chords.

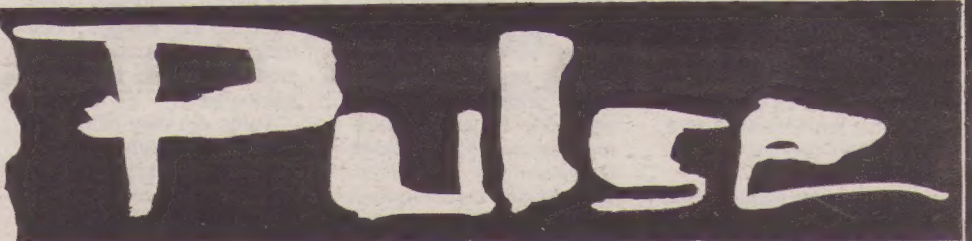
The operation, in an exclusive private hospital in London, follows interruptions to 25-year-old Michael's world tour. Several European dates were cancelled last week when Michael complained of problems with his throat.

Those same problems led to several Australian dates being cancelled during the singer's tour here earlier this year.

It is believed that Michael will stay in hospital for two or three days and then fly to a retreat in the Swiss Alps.

Doctors have told him he should be fit enough to continue his world tour in August. He plans to cancel the rest of his European dates and pick the tour up again in the U.S.

— DULCIE JEAN



JAGGER CONFIRMED!

The Mick Jagger tour, rumoured in Juke months ago, was last week confirmed by a spokesperson from Australian promotion company Paul Dainty.

The tour is locked-in for September, although specific dates have yet to be announced.

More details are expected to be released at a special Paul Dainty press conference in Sydney some time this week.

See next week's issue for full details and (hopefully!) dates.



MOTLEY CRUE PAY OUT

Two Alabama teenagers have received more than \$175,000 from Motley Crue in an out-of-court settlement, after being injured at a show of the group's Theatre Of Pain tour.

Robbie Millar, 17, who lost an eye from flying dry ice, and David Wright, 19, who received facial cuts, had originally sued for \$1.2 million, following the incident at the 1986 concert in Huntsville.



A WORD ABOUT ELVIS

Years after his death, Elvis Presley's old albums keep selling — to the extent that two of them went platinum in America last month.

Aloha From Hawaii Via Satellite and *Elvis Sings The Wonderful World Of Christmas* notched up two million sales.

Additionally, *Elvis As Recorded At Madison Square Gardens*, *Elvis Golden Records* and *Pure Gold* have now sold platinum, while the *Roustabout* soundtrack has gone gold 24 years after release.

Meantime, a new book called *The Most Incredible Elvis Presley Story Ever Told* by one Gail Giorgio claims that Elvis is still alive. The 49-year old writer from Marietta in Georgia claims that his death was a hoax and that there are too many conflicting stories and statistics surrounding his death.

The official story is that on August 16, 1977 a terribly overweight Elvis was playing racketball (like squash) at home and some hours later had a heart attack. According to Giorgio, some questions need to be asked:

- why were no injections or shocks to the heart given to revive him?
- why were there no documents kept on the autopsy, which had been carried out behind closed doors?
- how did his original death certificate go missing, which led to another one being issued on October 20, 1977?
- why is it that doctors in the hospital refuse to talk about the autopsy, but, according to Gail, "all agree that Elvis did not die from heart problems"?

- why was his dead body weighed at 77 kg when he was about 104 kg? Was it another body?
 - why did it take 1½ hours between the time his body was first found to when the hospital was called?
 - why were his servants not allowed to see the body when it returned from hospital to lie in Graceland?
 - why is it that several aides didn't look all that upset when the death happened?
 - why is it that weeks before his "death" Elvis joked to friends about how "great" he'd look in his coffin?
 - why were 20 million Elvis records pressed at the main plant in Indianapolis when his recording career was almost non-existent?
 - how was it that so many Presley T-shirts were conveniently available the morning after his death?
- Gail says that she's had conversations with someone who kept ringing up late at night, who sounded like him but denied he was. She was also given a copy of a tape for a Presley conversation made as late as 1981 which she insists was given to her by an elderly lady called Elizabeth who refused to reveal her identity other than the fact she was married to someone in the Presley clan. Giorgio sent the tape to police voice expert H. Williams who concluded that the voice on the tape was Elvis' and that an investigation should be carried out (although, of course, the tape could be "built" skilfully from interviews done when Elvis was still alive).

DEATH SENTENCE FOR PETER TOSH'S KILLER

Dennis Lobban, a 33-year-old poet and street vendor, has been sentenced to hang for the murder of reggae star Peter Tosh and two friends. He was apparently a regular visitor to the singer's home.

The identity of the witness is unknown since under Jamaican law trials which in-

volve illegal weapons are conducted in private.

On September 11 last year Tosh and friends were watching television when three gunmen broke in and demanded money. One of them threatened Tosh with a machete before Lobban shot him in the head.

A taxi driver, Steve Russell, is also on trial, while the third gunman is yet to appear in court.

RICHIE BASHED... BY HIS WIFE!

Lionel Richie's wife has been arrested in Los Angeles for beating and kicking her singing star husband and a 22-year-old woman who was with him.

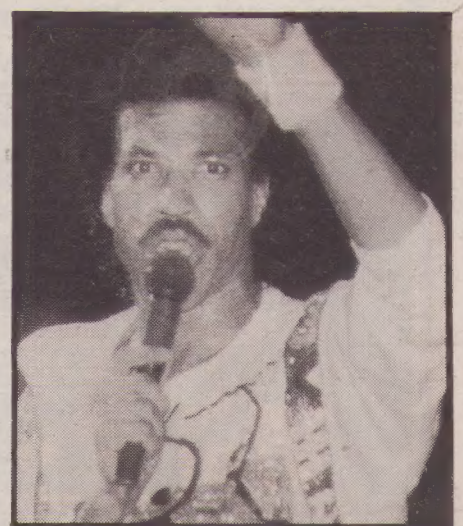
Brenda Richie, 35, was arrested on suspicion of battery and corporal injury to a spouse. She was held in Beverley Hills jail for several hours before being released on \$5000 bail.

Los Angeles police were called to an apartment complex in Beverly Hills after neighbours phoned to complain about a woman screaming in the early hours of the morning.

Police say they found Mrs Richie and the "other woman" squealing and bawling on the floor of an apartment.

Richie later told police he left the apartment after his wife forced her way in and kicked him in the stomach.

— DULCIE JEAN



BARBED WIRES

Edited by
**CHRISTIE
ELIEZER**

Splendidly undaunted by the fact that most of his gigs had been blown out because of a recurring throat problem (or worse, according to the scandal papers), **George Michael** grandly threw a huge party in London to celebrate the end of his world tour.

He spent almost \$150,000, with food and bar indoors and a disco and lots of freezing people outside.

The game of the night seemed to be "where's George" as the host was nowhere to be seen. But the usual liggers and hangers-on spent their time celebrity-spotting. Like **Gary and Martin Kemp**, both sporting new hairdos in readiness for their new **Kray Twins** film. **Pepsi & Shirley** were there, of course. **Bros** spent most of the night in a corner except for the time **Matt** took his (male) dancing partner out onto the floor.

Boy George waited in, so did new British rap star **Derek B. Mel Appleby**, looking very thin and with cropped hair, proved she was fighting fit with sister **Kim** protectively hovering around. Other liggers included **Koo Stark**, **Emily Lloyd**, **Robbie Coltrane**, **Janet Street Porter** and **Tony James of Sique Sique** **Sputnik**, **Queen's Roger Taylor** and his girlfriend **Debbie Leng**. **Simon Climie** who'd once been given a black eye by Roger for trying to move into Ms Leng was also at the party but gave both a very wide berth.

The new **Johnnys** lineup, with **Michael Armiger**, hits the road next month. **Go-Betweens** off to the UK soon. Their first London show, at the Astoria on July 28th, marks the UK debut of their new bassist **John Will Stead**.

Morrissey has aroused the wrath of the British Government. Seems he made some uncomplimentary comments about PM **Maggie Thatcher** and how she deserved to end up on the guillotine. Tory MP **Geoffrey Dickens** has been "scandalised" and "demands" an investigation (hmm, obviously angling for a free dinner at the PM's place) and the Manchester police have "promised" they will be "investigating". When US fab band **Firehose** tell you that their neighbourhood of San Pedro (30 miles south of LA) is rough, you'd better believe it!

Mike Wall has been robbed at gunpoint twice and **George Hurley** was

mugged with 2 guns under his chin!

• **Trash trivia:** The **Divinyls** got their name from a phrase that **Chrissie Amphlett** went through, where she referred to everything as "divine, darling".

Wet Wet Wet got theirs from a line in a **Scrutti Politti** song called "Getting Having Holding" which goes "his face is wet wet wet with tears". The name of their company (The Precious Organisation) came from a **Dexy's Midnight Runners** LP *Too-Ry Aye* which **Marti Pellow** remembers buying after saving 200 cigarette coupons.

• Following some ill-attended US concerts, **Ronnie James Dio** is rumoured to have split up his band **Dio**. • You think being a rock hack is easy? One of our chaps pricked his ears up when the Federal Government announced it would be establishing a Contemporary Music Development Corporation. This here being a music mag, he thought it might be a good idea to investigate.

Rang up MP **John Dawkins**, the man who launched the whole thing. Sorry, **Mistah Dawkins** is not available for comment right now, he's got a White Paper to read/write/eat/barf over. Ring the consultant who did all the research.

Hmmm, leave a message on the fellow's answering machine.

What now? Oh yes, try the Grand Moguls of the music industry who're said to be the corporation's directors. Umm, no, haven't heard anything about it, sorry.

OK, back to Dawkin's office to get a copy of his speech faxed down to us.

"Sorry, we've got a copy here but the correct place to get it is the Department's public relations division. This is their phone number . . ."

At which point the hack gives up and goes back to throwing things at the office **Kylie Minogue** dartboard.

• Are the **Celibate Rifles**, currently on another US tour, about to sign up with a major American label?

• Just before an appearance on *The Factory*, just why did **The Chantoozies** grab their publicist and give her a makeup job?

• Former **W.A.S.P.** guitarist **Randy Piper** has put together a new band called **Animal**. According to Piper, the band sounds "like early **W.A.S.P.** with lots of energy . . . real heavy" with lots of the twin guitar harmony

work which he couldn't do in **W.A.S.P.**

Umm, what about the name, won't **Blackie Lawless** be peeved?

Replies Randy: "you know he will!"

• You just can't take some people anywhere. Like for instance, American hip-hop groover **Eric B.** When he arrived in London for a brief visit, he insisted on grabbing a **Fast Foods** Joint guide and cheering every **Burger King** he passed. Then he insisted on being given a ride in **Burger King's** double decker bus.

Eric's record company took him to lunch at a trendy place called **Langans**, where Eric took one look at the exotic menu and spluttered at the startled hoity toity waiter "what's all this shit? Don't you have any hamburgers?"

Turns out they didn't, so Eric sulkily made do with steak and chips, but not before he covered everything in tomato sauce and got his lady to cut the meat into little pieces for snack-sized bites.

• **Boy George** writing so many songs that he wants his next LP to be a double-LP set.

He's also talking about going back on tour later in the year.

• Just hours before the first show of the current **Iron Maiden** US tour in Sacramento, support act **Guns'n'Roses** ran into a panic. Singer **W.Axyl Rose** was ordered to bed by his doctor and sternly instructed not to open his mouth for a whole month.

For the Sacramento show, Maiden had to hastily add on extra numbers to compensate for the fact they had no opening act.

The following night at **Irvine Meadows** in LA, fellow sleazeballs **LA Guns** were roped in as replacement. As a gesture of goodwill to their fans, though, **Slash** of **G'n'R** got up and hammed on a number. For the second **Irvine Meadows** show, once **LA Guns** had finished their set and split, all of **Guns'n'Roses** except for **Axl** got up and did "It's So Easy" with bassist **Duff McKagan** handling (badly) lead vocals!

• While in London, **Pete Townshend** so enraptured with **Do Re Mi** singer **Deborah Conway's** voice that he asked if she'd contribute to a rock musical he's putting together.

• Wanna do your share for helping Aboriginal talent in Sydney? Over the last three weeks, heats have been held at the **Balmain Loft** (op-



• Winner of the recent **Juke/Nescafe Backstage Pass** competition **Karen Weir** (centre) and friend met **Noiseworks** backstage at a recent Melbourne concert show. (Pic by **Marty Williams**).

posite the **Balmain Town Hall**) to find the winners of \$5000 prize money. The final is held on July 16 at 8pm. Entrants have come from as far afield as **Waggett**, **Kempsey** and **South Australia**. Judges include singer/songwriter **Mike McClellan** and reps from the **koori** community and the **Aboriginal Island Dance Group**.

The prize money came from 84 hours of marathon reading last Christmas of **Zavier Herbert's** epic Australian saga *Poor Fellow My Country* (Australia's equivalent of *Roots*) which yielded \$6500. Aside from the \$5000 first prize, runner up gets \$4000 and third winner gets \$500.

For more info, ring (02) 810 0319 and ask for **Rosemary** or **Michele** (**Mick-Ay-Lee**).

• Good grief, after **Duran Duran**, **A-Ha**, are **Bros** being sounded out to do the theme song for the next **James Bond** flick?

Shirley Bassey and **Tom Jones** shake in their graves (they're not dead, akertually).

• **Jellybean Benitez** has taken up playing basketball. Never mind that most good b'ball players are seven-footers and J.B. will be struggling to make it past eh 5'2" mark.

"So what" **Jell** snarls at anyone who points this out "I can touch the ring!"

There's a witty comeback in there but we're not gonna touch it . . .

• No-one's questioning the motives of the acts who appeared on the 10-hour **Nelson Mandela** birthday bash in London recently, but their appearances certainly boosted their album sales, particularly in Britain.

Main beneficiary was black American folk singer **Tracy Chapman** who self-titled debut LP was already in the charts. But after a rap-

turously acclaimed five minute appearance during which she did two songs, she became a star overnight. On the Monday after the **Mandela** show, the LP sold over 12,000 copies(!) resulting in the record taking a tremendous leap from No.25 to No. 2.

As on other televised events like **Live Aid**, most of the performers gained. Despite a mediocre performance **Whitey Houston's** current LP climbed from No. 13 to No. 4 while her earlier debut re-entered the charts at No. 72. The **Eurythmics**, **Simple Minds**, **UB40** and **Eric Clapton** also found their records climbing the charts.

Dire Straits' polished set saw **Brothers In Arms** shooting from No. 59 to No. 13. It's been hovering in the UK Top 100 since it first entered back in May 1985 and recently dipped as low as No. 89, suggesting it would drop out forever. But its fresh chart success means it'll be around for much longer. Singles like "The Twist (Yo Twist)" by the **Fat Boys & Chubby Checker** and **Salt'n'Pepper's** "Push It" also received a considerable boost.

Let's also remember **George Michael** who deliberately did three Motown classics as his **Mandela** set to show his commitment to the cause and not be accused of trying to "promote" his *Faith* LP. Despite such an admirable gesture, *Faith* did jump up 14 places to No. 23.

• Sydney's **Ups & Downs** recently showcased their new keyboards-player **Trevor O'Neill** (ex-**21 Faces**) at the **Glebe Rowing Club** with **Love Gone Wrong**, where they also previewed their new LP and first single in two years "Lit By The Fuse". **Ups & Downs** and **Love Gone Wrong** have been touring through the East Coast together.

• Why the delay on the new **Painters & Dockers** LP *Kiss My Art*? According to a band spokesperson, someone up at **Festival Records** in Sydney had strong religious objections to the cover which depicted the seven band members "at play" with **Jesus Christ**.

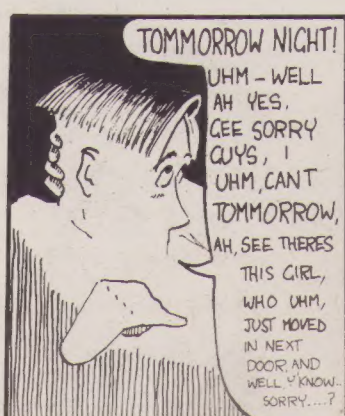
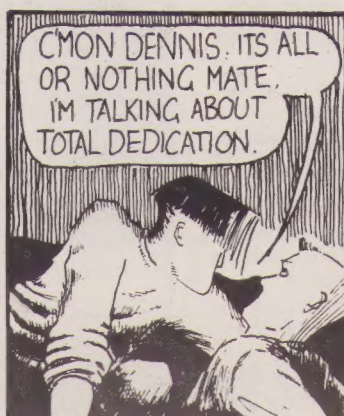
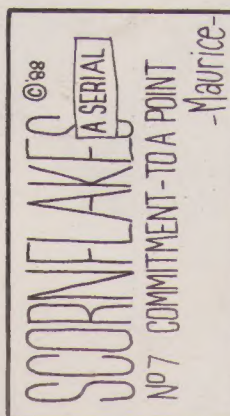
However, a screeching phone call from **Mushroom** boss **Michael Gudinski** fixed all that and the LP is finally store-bound. The first 2000 are on candy pink vinyl. Band manager **Lobby Loyde** is flying to the US shortly to "negotiate" (read: harangue and petrify) several interested US labels.

• Three Chicago songwriters are suing **Michael Jackson** and **Lionel Richie** saying that MJ stole their songs and turned them into "Thriller" "The Girl Is Mine" "Another Part Of Me" and the MJ-LR composition "We Are The World." Two of the dudes, **Reynaud Jones** and **Robert Smith** claim they hail from Gary, Indiana and were "friends" of the Jackson family.

Meantime, **Lionel's** divorcing his wife and bringing her up on charges of assault after Ms. **Richie** found Li and a girlfriend in a close proximate situation and bashed them both!

• With **Our Kylie's** "Got To Be Certain" coming in at No. 1 on the Oz charts and leaping up the Japanese and American charts with "I Should Be So Lucky", there was naturally a great excitement when her debut LP was released in the UK last week and in Australia on July 11.

Kylie will spend the next few weeks in London promoting the LP although last week there were some rumours she could end up doing a satellite interview via *Hey Hey It's Saturday* on the weekend, (depending, of course, on who was willing to pick up the costs etc).



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EARL AND EARLE FACE JAIL TERMS

American guitarist Steve Earle and bassist with UK outfit UB40 — Earl Falconer — are both facing jail terms for allegedly assaulting a police officer and for reckless driving, respectively.

Falconer has already been convicted after admitting in court that he caused the death of his brother in a car accident late last year.

Judge Michael Dillon, QC, told Birmingham Crown Court that it was his "public duty" to send the 29-year-old star to prison. Now UB40 will have to find a last minute replacement bassist before their world tour starts Friday.

Falconer pleaded guilty to causing death by reckless driving, and was sentenced to 18 months in prison, with a year suspended. The accident happened in Birmingham last November when Earl's silver Volvo turbo careered out of control and smashed into a factory wall. Ray, 26, the group's co-producer, was killed instantly.

The court heard how Earl had more than twice the legal limit of alcohol in his blood.

A UB40 spokesman said: "The band

are very shocked by the outcome of the trial. They know Earl has already paid a high personal price and no legal remedy can surpass it."

"Earl and his family have been disturbed since the accident. Everyone hoped he would be allowed his freedom, but unfortunately this was not the case."

"Earl himself has been resigned to the possibility and to his credit has never wanted to avoid the consequences."

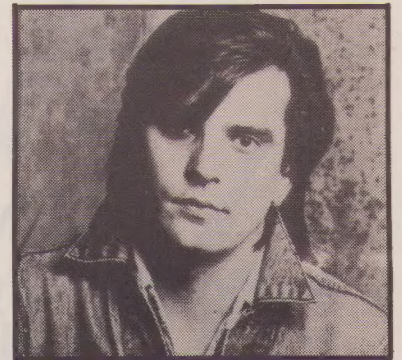
★ ★ ★

Steve Earl is to appear in court in Dallas next month, charged with assaulting an off-duty policeman — and could face up to ten years jail.

But Earle's manager Will Botwin says the singer has a water-tight defence and is almost certain to be acquitted.

"The police have been suggesting all kinds of plea bargaining, but Steve is keen to clear his name by going ahead with the trial," Botwin told *Juke*.

The charges stem from an incident in Dallas on New Year's Eve when Earle was attacked from behind by Lonnie Al-



● Steve Earl: facing up to ten years in jail.

len, an off-duty cop working at The Alley Club as a bouncer.

A truncheon was held to Earle's throat until he was unconscious. He woke up in jail to find out he was charged with punching Allen in the face and kicking him in the groin.

"The officer concerned has been suspended 14 times in the past for similar conduct and we have a number of witnesses who will swear that Steve didn't touch him," said Botwin.

The case is due to be heard on July 25.

\$5 MILLION SUIT AGAINST CHUCK

A woman claiming to be an old flame of Chuck Berry is suing the rock legend for \$5 million, alleging he seriously assaulted her.

Marilyn O'Brian Boteler, who is also launching her own musical career, claims Berry gave her "serious and permanent personal injuries and also caused her extreme emotional distress and severe emotional and

mental anxiety."

When filing her suit, Boteler made no reference to Berry in court but warned the judge about the dangers of ultra-violet rays and the earth's shrinking ozone layer.

The alleged incident took place in a New York hotel last December. Berry is facing criminal charges but failed to appear in court last month. A new date for the hearing is currently being set.



ED PUTS STUPIDS IN SHREDDER

As suggested in last week's *Barbed Wires*, guitarist Ed Shred has decided to quit The Stupids after two years with them, during which they established themselves as Britain's top thrash merchants.

He wants to concentrate on his other band, Sink, who have just signed to Poontang Records, with a 7" EP out next month.

Obviously the split has been amicable, as Poontang Records is a subsidiary of The Stupids' Vinyl Solution label and hopefully the two bands will keep in close touch.

Meantime, Stupids founder Tommy Stupid and bassist Stevie Snacks have found a replacement, whom they previewed at a club show in London on the weekend.

However, as *Juke* went to press late last week, his name had not been announced.

BON JOVI TO RE-EXPLODE WITH A DOUBLE?

Is Bon Jovi's next album going to be a double album?

That's been the talk ever since the band rested from its holidays after its lengthy world tour and started work on the much waited follow up to the mega-successful *Slippery When Wet*.

The latest reports coming out of the Little Mountain Studios in Vancouver is that the band has recorded twenty tracks.

Whether or not all of them will be used, or if Bon Jovi intend to pick out a dozen of the best, remains to be seen.

The band's record label is none the wiser except to say that the LP should be out by September, with a single in August.

In any case, we should rule out any chance of Bon Jovi returning to Australia for more dates, for this year at least.

When the album is released, it looks as though the band will be touring heavily between October to December through Europe.

JAZ COLEMAN TO TEAM UP WITH OZ ORCHESTRA!

It seems really bizarre, but Jaz Coleman of Killing Joke has just written his first symphony — and says that an Australian symphony orchestra has agreed to perform it!

As far fetched as this might sound, it seems as though Killing Joke's pub tour some years back was not Jaz's sole visit here.



• Pic by Tony Mott

He told a British magazine that his fears of England's overcrowding and nuclear threat led to him spending a lot of time in Australia, mostly fishing and deep sea diving.

Certainly his abhorrence for the UK is well expressed in the new Killing Joke LP *Outside The Gate*.

Coleman spent two years writing his first symphony and is already working on his second.

"I can break free from one side of music. I studied music. I like to have an articulate unit, whether it be Killing Joke or an orchestra, so I can change with ease from 4/4 time to 13/12."

"But my problem has been that I have to put my symphony over here, and my work with Killing Joke over there."

A lot of composers who write symphonies say they can't get their works performed. Does it make it easier for a rock celeb — albeit a minor one — to get noticed?

"I must say it works both ways. I've found problems in just getting my scores looked at in England. I studied a master's course in composition but I left it, and I'm not really qualified in the classical world to compose."

"I found an orchestra in Australia that liked the score and promised to play it. They didn't care who I was, but they looked through the score."

● See pg 24 for Killing Joke feature

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MACHINATIONS

"Hit singles are not a crime. . . just a challenge".

By Christie Eliezer

Things always get a bit tense backstage before any Machinations show. But this night at the Newcastle Quay One, stage nerves had come close to panic!

You see it was the band's first show for six months, and it was kicking off their latest tour. Actually they were supposed to begin in Darwin but that got blown out. So far they'd only squeezed in three rehearsals and most of the time had been spent programming the keyboards and drum machines.

They were also previewing the songs from their new *Uptown* LP, and there was always the fear that too many unknown songs in the set could alienate the crowd. They were also working with a new road crew, would they know how to take care of business? Would they also . . .

As it turned out, the show went without a hitch, and the crowd more than positively reacted to "Intimacy", the new single, the slightly countrified "Cars And Planes", the LP's brassy dance title track and the medium paced "Give It Up".

The show went down so well that afterwards Fred Loneragan would smile and confess "actually we did play a warm up show at a friend's party in Glebe (Sydney). We called ourselves Shower Of Power. You're obviously



more comfortable playing to close friends. . . but they also tend to be your worst critics!"

Days later, by the time the tour wound down to Victorian countryside, Loneragan had picked up the dreaded 'flu which had the singer crawling into bed declaring "I'm going to die!"

One more for/from the road?

This is the eighth year that Fred Loneragan has been in The Machinations. "Eight years . . . wow, we're getting to the dinosaur stage!" he laughs.

"I still remember the first ever show we did. It was in March 1980, at a place in Darlinghurst called Garibaldis, it's a cheap Italian restaurant now. They were exciting days, sneaking out in the middle of the night to put up posters advertising the show. We got about 60 or 70 people."

Make any money?

"Oh we probably got paid about \$60, I think. Mate, we didn't make any money until five years later!"

Most of the bands who started out with them went on to greater chart success before breaking up. But The Machinations just bob along at their own pace and quite happy to do

so. When he talks, Loneragan gives the impression that he doubts they'll ever get into the First League simply because they don't play "the game". It's such a cliché, of course, but in this era of instant just-add-water hitsville, The Machinations cling stubbornly to their values.

Regardless of how much extra it'll cost, no record, no video, no artwork, or stage production goes out to the public until it's personally passed by the band.

At the same time they've kept right out of the public spotlight. Very little is known about them, in their interviews they make it quite clear that they'll only talk about the music.

Occasionally little things surface. Fred deejays occasionally at the Sydney Cove Tavern and will only play Australian records. He recently bought himself a caravan which is parked somewhere on the NSW South Coast so he can get away on spare weekends to fish and surf. He used to sing with a choir as a kid until his voice broke. He tried to learn to play the guitar but couldn't pick it up at all . . . it was much later he discovered it was because he was left-handed and he'd been taught to play the usual right-handed way. He was so angry after a party at his place when 200 of his records got stolen that he stopped collecting albums.

Guitarist Tim Doyle is into amateur mechanics. Keyboard player Tony Starr keeps himself fit by doing landscape gardening for others. He's a mad keen golfer: in fact he met jazz trumpeter Vince Jones on the course once, and invited him to play on a Machinations track.

So what's it like being in The Machinations, Fred? More than just a job?

"I obviously enjoy it a lot, but I also feel very privileged because I'm doing what I do best, and I'm even making a bit of money from it."

"It's obviously shaped the way I've become as a person. I used to be very shy and withdrawn, and I probably would have stayed that way if I'd done something different. But when you're out in front forced to talk to 200 or 300 people a night, or you have to do interviews, then you do get dragged out of your shell."

"This business makes you grow up quicker too. When we started out, I think I was a bit naive, I used to think doing this would be the most glamorous thing around. Of course you soon find out that it's down to hard work, and you have very little time for that glamour."

What's the worst decision he's made?

"Just after the first album came out, I just freaked out, decided I couldn't handle it and fled to London. I just disappeared. Looking back, it was the biggest blunder of my life."

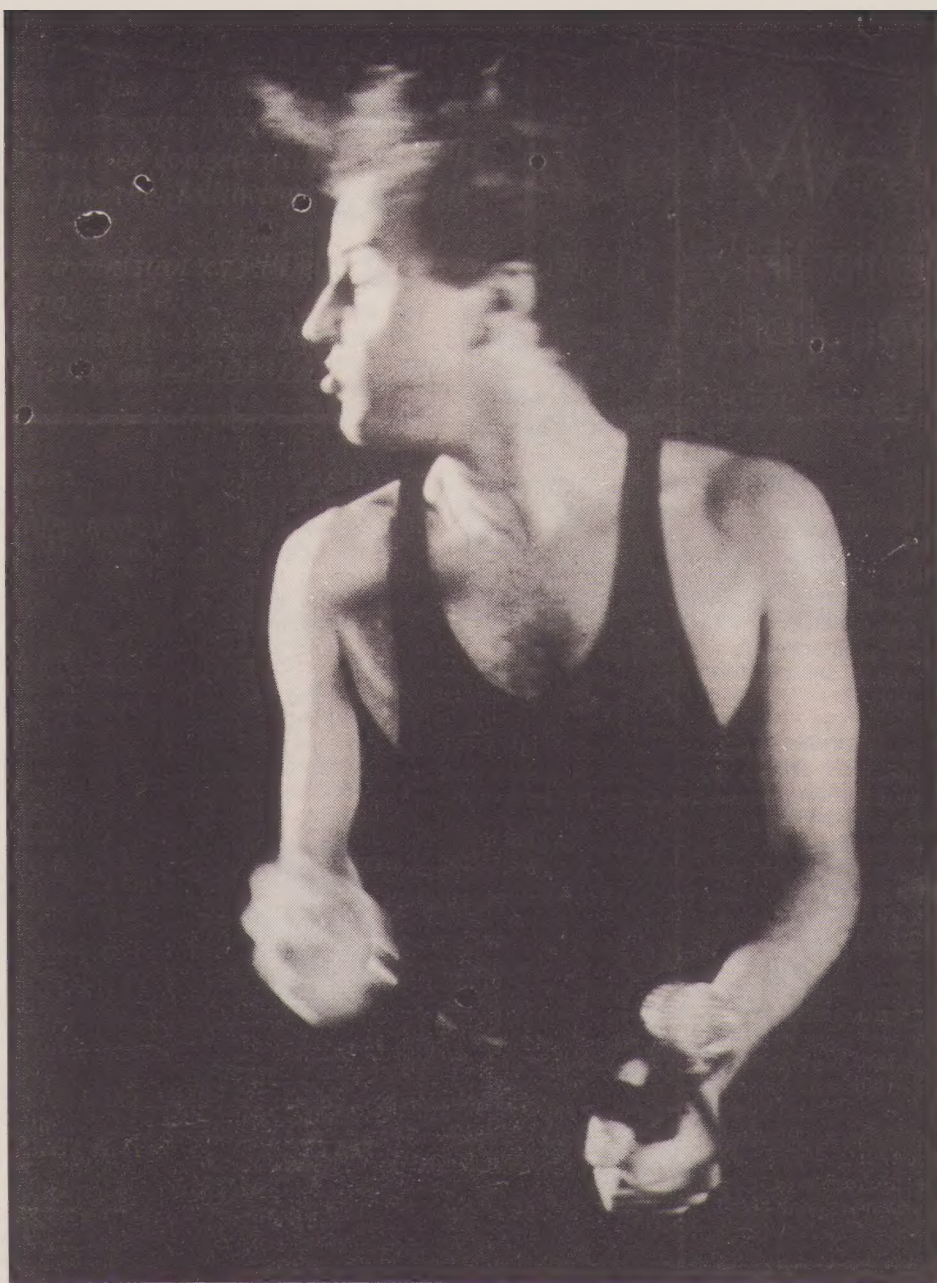
"It was good in the sense that I realised that doing what I do now is what I *really* want to do. But I let the band down, if I'd stuck around and we'd promoted the first LP, things might have turned out differently."

Do the others hence take revenge by putting him through the most horrendous experiences when he does videos? I believe he almost drowned when making one!

"Yes, and in the new one they made me dizzy, by making me spin around and around. I was on a trampoline for three days!"

Why do most Australian bands make such crappy videos?

"Because they see themselves as musicians, and prefer that their videos just feature them in performance. Either that or they give



• Pic by Jason Childs

over artistic control to an outsider who makes them look silly.

"I can understand why some people think that way, but The Machinations want to approach video-making in a different way. But some Australian bands have made some great videos — The Models, Hunters & Collectors, and of course Split Enz."

"I reckon we've made some good ones. I think we're getting close to putting out a video



album of our own. We've got about eight or nine clips now."

A lot of the big bands complain that it's no fun to play any more, because each show is hyped so much as an "event" that it becomes a pressure for the musician and uncomfortable for the punters. How do The Machinations face up to this?

"I don't think pressure to play is not so much of a problem as the *opportunities* to play. It's getting very tight. When The Machinations first started out, people were going out to see bands three or four times a week. It gave you the opportunity to play before crowds and hone in your skills."

"These days, there seems to be so little money around that if people go out, it's just Fridays and Saturdays. We're lucky because we've been around long enough that people'll still choose to come and see us, but I feel very sorry for a new band that's starting out and looking for an audience."

The new album was recorded in America over a four-month period with producer Andy Wallace, who did their "Do To Me". According to Fred, it's more direct, with a lot more brass and guitar, with less production and less ethereal keyboards.

Their former producer Julian Mendellsohn was interested in sounds. Wallace encouraged them to write songs.

Has the band been listening to new kinds of

music since their last effort two years ago?

"All of us listen to an astonishingly wide variety of music. But in the last year, we've cocked our ears a lot to House Music. When we went to America, I was shocked at how segregated the audiences have become — the black kids are exclusively into dance music, and the white kids are almost exclusively into heavy metal."

A lot of the Sydney bands which emerged from the early '80s club scene had an identity crisis — have a hit or be cool.

"We've never had that problem, we've made no bones about the fact we saw ourselves as a pop band. It's not a crime to have hit singles — just a challenge. It really is difficult to write a very good pop song. There are a lot of crappy ones around, but the challenge is to write one which will be remembered in twenty years. Sure I'd like to write a song that people will remember in years to come, that's the aspiration of any songwriter."

"So many people these days are taking the easy way out and recording covers of old No 1 hits, just so they can guarantee a No 1 for themselves now. We're not against doing covers as such — we did some Chic stuff when we started and we're doing Al Green's "Take Me To The River" — just the fact we won't release one as a single just to get a hit."

"I can't understand that attitude. The thrill for me is to try and write my own Number One. I remember the first time I heard one of my songs on the radio. I was working at Hanna Barbara, the animation people, I worked there until I was sure the band could make enough money for me to leave."

"Anyway, we were listening to 2JJJ when we were working, and 'Average Inadequacy' came on. I didn't notice at first but a friend, who worked at the next desk and to whom I'd given a copy of my record, said 'hey, your record's on!'"

"It was the strangest feeling, I just can't explain it in words. I remember getting very excited and ringing up the rest of the band to tell them, but there's a special feeling every time you hear your record on the radio."

Is there anybody else he'd like to work with outside of The Machinations?

"Hell (pause). I can't think of anybody, to be honest. I'm very happy in this situation. I haven't even thought about it. Let me think about this one. Is there anyone I'd like to work with? (Longer pause). No . . . we're pretty much a self-contained unit."

Any non-musical ambitions?

"Yeah, I want to write a science fiction book. But that won't be for now. I can afford to wait until I'm 50 and ugly and too old for rock and roll! I love reading sci-fi, I've got hundreds of them at home. William Gibson's one of my favourites."

"I like the 'science' angle more than the 'fiction', those writers who take a bit of truth and build on that. Because what's science fiction now is reality in about ten or twenty years. When Jules Verne wrote about going to the moon years ago, it was considered fantasy, some wishful thinking on our part. So called sci-fi themes like cloning, robotics and the Greenhouse Effect are slowly becoming part of our lives."



JUKE/YAMAHA ROCK '88

The Semi heat is hot!

Five bands have been chosen to compete in the Grand Final of Juke/Yamaha Rock '88, after winning the judges' votes in the semi-final, held at Melbourne's Billboard night-club on Sunday, July 3.

A capacity crowd turned out to see ten bands compete in the competition. Each band played two original songs before a six-person judging panel, consisting of respected music industry figures.

So, you say, WHO WON?! Well here's the list of winners, who will go into the Grand Final, to be held once again at Billboard, Wednesday, August 3, (the bands are listed in random order):

Janz, Vic.
Blue 31, Vic.
Hunter's Moon, NSW.
Man Friday, Vic.
Taboo, NSW.

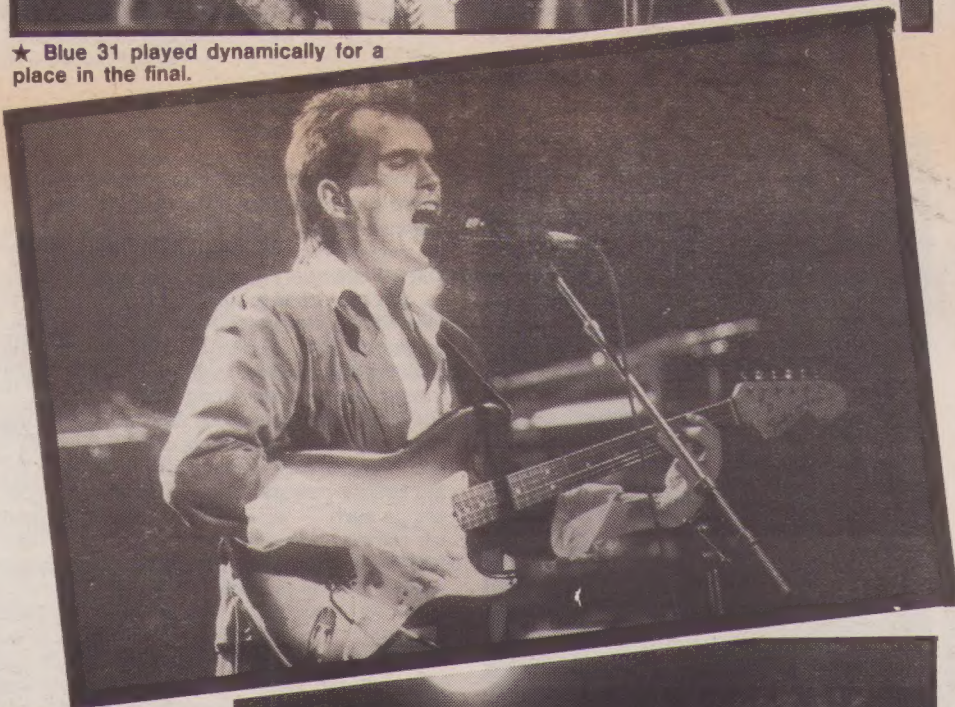
The winning band in the Australian Grand Final of Juke/Yamaha Rock '88 will win some exciting prizes, including \$5000 cash, a demo recording at Metropolis Studios plus \$5000 worth of Yamaha musical equipment.

The winners will also get an all-expenses-paid trip to appear at the Asia Oceania semi-final, to be held in Hong Kong on September 4. Three bands will be chosen from the Hong Kong semi-final, to take their place in the international final in Tokyo on October 30. Likewise, this is an all-expense-paid trip for our Aussie representatives, if successful in Hong Kong.

The semi-final received enthusiastic support from the large crowd, with Melbourne DJ John Hood acting as MC and giving out prizes of t-shirts, records and subscriptions to *Juke*. The semi-final winners were presented with trophies by Ron Tudor.



★ Blue 31 played dynamically for a place in the final.



★ The second song by NSW band Hunter's Moon — a ballad — was the perfect forum for the singer's fine voice.

All pix:
Marty Williams

★ Another NSW band Taboo, managed to gain a place in the final with a couple of convincing songs.



★ Frontman David Janz got the crowd up and dancing with an energetic and visual performance.



★ Melbourne's Man Friday filled the stage with its eight members and impressed the judges with a full and professional sound.

★ Three members of the judging panel, Mushroom Music's Hilary Quinn, Billboard promotions manager Jeff Joseph and our own Byron Smith. Other members of the judging panel included EON-FM's Billy Pinnell, Metropolis Audio's Ern Rose and Ron Tudor.



★ Music Industry luminary Ron Tudor presented the winning bands with trophies (after the speech that is!)



BLUE SUNDAY

DEACON BLUE may be reluctant to reveal their dirty laundry to a nosy ALAN JACKSON, but they are anxious to dispel their image as a gloomy band from Glasgow. . .

So maybe it's the last thing he needs right now. It's the first day in the studio working on tracks for the next album and some smarmball journo turns up from London and wants to do an interview. Enough to make you want to kick the bastard, right?

Well, that's the Catholic guilt trip over. At least I didn't come out with that old chestnut put to every band hailing from north of Berwick on Tweed nowadays: "What do you think of Wet Wet Wet?"

Even so, the face of Ricky Ross is a picture of gloom and despondency as he, I and Deacon Blue guitarist and accredited *low voice*, Graeme Kelling tramp across the road from Glasgow's Cava Studios and head towards one of the city's multitude of mock-Renni Mackintosh hosteliaries.

I'd thought it would be quite a happy occasion, what with 'When Will You Make My Telephone Ring?' from last year's *Raintown* debut making steady progress up the charts. . . Is it just interviews we're fed up with, or is it the hassle of being expected to play the frontman off-stage as well as on?

"Both."
I see.
"Basically, I always refuse to do interviews, but here we are again."
Why's that?

"I don't think they do much good really. It's just an indirect way of reaching the public, and I'd much rather do that directly through shows or radio interviews."

Do you think you've had bad press?
"I just think most of it has been irrelevant — irrelevant or misinformed."

"I'd go with the line that there's a certain built-in obsolescence to writing about music," says the genial middle man carefully. The best thing you can do with music is *listen* to it. At best, music journalism is finding out what people are really like. That's all I've ever been interested in reading about — hoping that people will reveal themselves, and that all their dirty laundry will come out.

"That rarely happens these days, although it used to — you'd get total, absolute character assassination over two pages. Sometimes it would be almost painful to read, and I'm sure it was even more painful for the people on the receiving end."

In an attempt to improve the flow of conversation, I switch subjects to the work in hand. Deacon Blue are approaching their second album with something like 20 Ricky Ross songs to choose from. What are they hoping to achieve with it?

"Death and glory, I suppose," says Ricky. "I'd like to be a very happy, sparkling album, then one more after that and that will be it."

How come?
"I just think that's how it will be," he replied. "I think it will be quite hard to get this one together, and maybe there won't even be another one. But that doesn't matter. I think it's good when something is done and then stopped — it's really healthy. Things that go on too long become the most annoying."

So you believe in quitting while you're on top?

"Not even on top," says Ricky. "As long as we make records I'm happy. The only reason I'm glad 'When Will You...' is in the Top 40 is basically because CBS will give us the grant to make another album. That's what it all boils down to. There's no other reason for them to do it than that. *We really believe in you guys. . . We are the family of music* and all that."

It's at about this point that we come to a mutual agreement that the reluctant Ricky might as well head back to Cava and send over a more willing replacement. Minutes later Lorraine McIntosh appears with a welcome smile.

"I was desperate to get into this band," she enthuses over a Coke. "I used to go and see them play live and I'd be singing backing vocals from the crowd. When I was asked to become a member I just couldn't believe it. Even if I formed my own band I don't think I could love any songs as much as these or get as much out of singing them."

It's been a popular misconception about Deacon Blue that all the songs must be depressive, rainy-day-in-Glasgow-type dirges though, whereas there is a strong life-affirming spirit running through them. . .

"That's the two sides of us," agrees Graeme.

That other side seems to have been totally ignored. The songs on *Rainbow* are actually really uplifting, there's a joyous aspect to them as well as a description of a certain time and place — and we leave people to make up their own minds about where that is.

"And I'd say that the songs we're working on now are even more positive, which is good. I'd hate to be involved in something that was

only negative, or always super-cynical. There's far too much of that in the charts already."

We're not talking about a laugh-a-minute here though, are we?

Not quite that," smiles Graeme, "but I think the most you can hope for from any song is that it speaks to you and that you get something from it that you recognise. There are certain things common to everyone's experience, and if you're a good songwriter you know what these things are. And I think Ricky is a good songwriter. He's definitely capable of capturing those universal feelings in a way that other people can identify with, and that doesn't seem to be happening too much these days. I mean *Take these dogs away from me. . .*"

"I think the new songs just seem a lot happier," adds Lorraine. "The first album was a collection of 10 years of songs for Ricky. His whole growing-up period was coming out in them and there was a lot he had to get out of his system. I think this album will be harder to do than the first one, where there was no previous work for it to be judged against, but it's going to be much better. It will still be really melodic, but harder-sounding."

Do the songs relate specifically to Glasgow?

"I don't think a lot of *Rainbow* was about Glasgow specifically," she encounters. "The Springsteen songs that mean something to me may have been written in New Jersey but that's not just what they're about. They're about the universal things in life that happen anywhere."

"We haven't really been in Glasgow that much this past year, so it would be false to try and keep up that pretence that we're all broke and that we never get out of the city. If anything, we're never there. We travel a lot and we're not particularly broke, so it would be false to hold on to some image of Ricky sitting in a back room with no money and the rain pouring down. There's no way we could do another set of songs about being unemployed and trapped when we're not, but I must say it's quite odd singing songs that *aren't* all about that."

So it will be partying and getting down on the next album?

"That's right," says Graeme. "We've all been listening to the Alexander O'Neal LP, so there'll be a few gags thrown in between the tracks."

"Actually the songs are all about life in

Knightsbridge," offers Lorraine. "That and spending the winter in Paris. . . but no, they're just about life and love, and isn't that what all the best songs are written about?"

Deacon Blue make no secret of the fact that they've had a few run-ins with their record label of late over ways of marketing the band. Has Lorraine been assaulted by the dreaded company stylist brigade then?

"I'm quite insulted actually that I haven't," she says indignantly. They've probably written me off. There's no way we're going to make her look good, so we won't even try."

"Someone in a review recently said that I came on stage looking the spit of Just Williams in my shorts and Doc Martens, then some feminists came up to me after a gig in Bath and said they felt I was being used as the token sex object of the band. I thought, thanks, it's the first time anybody's ever called me *that*."

But having resisted the inevitable attempts to make it Ricky and Lorraine's band, with those other four guys stuck somewhere out of camera range, Deacon Blue have made the old concession to showbiz.

At their impressive live show at London's Town And Country Club recently I noted the odd bout of synchronised movement — choreographed, apparently, by the Just William-cum-sex-object herself.

Does this mean that we're on the way to Deacon Blue and The Pips, or even Deacon Blue with the Lorraine McIntosh Dancers? The Arlene Phillips of Kelvingrove pauses only to pick herself up off the floor.

"As we were headlining bigger places and had a bigger budget, we thought we should try and get a better *show*," she says, composing herself. "Then we went to see Danny Wilson play and they were absolutely brilliant, and we realised from them how effective it could be when occasionally the whole band moved in time."

Just then bassist Ewan Vernal pops his head around the corner, having been despatched across from the studio in case the conversation is starting to flag.

You're not miserable, we tell him, so you can pretend to be the lead singer for the purpose of the interview.

"And what makes you think I'm not miserable too," he deadpans, sitting down.

But then that's where we came in.



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46 PALMERSTON ROAD
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WHEN YOU WALK ALONE

In his inimitable style KEVIN ROWLAND has walked away from DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS and followed the solo path. PAOLO HEWITT greets the determined return of The Wanderer . . .



As the song goes, here comes his soul, get your pens and notebooks ready."

Judging by the recent spate of interviews that have heralded Kevin Rowland's return to the public eye, we are about to be dealing with a moody, potentially violent artist, who must be approached with the utmost caution.

Certainly, the press have been having a field day with the 34 year old musician, gleefully recounting all the stories that have filtered through about this essentially private man, since he began his recording career back in 1979.

Tales of "weird" behaviour, extreme stubbornness and violent turns have dominated most of the articles, with an underlying tone of vengeance emanating from the writer in general.

Even the radio has joined in. Rowland's current single, "Walkaway" is, one would have thought, a natural choice for daytime radio with its light feel and catchy chorus.

Walkaway yourself, comes back the answer. Radio play so far has been miniscule and the single has literally died a death before anyone could hear it. Rowland's insistence of conducting himself how he feels best, and not in the approved way, has made him few friends.

It really isn't that simple to write Rowland off, though. Because while the media have been busy hammering in the nails, the people who have actually known and worked with Rowland have been bringing in a different verdict, talking almost, it seems, about a different person.

Roger Ames, for instance, has twice signed Rowland to record companies. First to EMI, where they had a Number One single in the UK with 'Geno', two other Top 40 hits and the best selling *Searching For The Young Soul Rebels*

LP, then to Phonogram where Rowland currently records.

"He's demanding," says Ames, "but fair. He works real hard at what he does and he expects others to do the same, and as long as they do everything is fine.

"He inspires so many people," says Seb Shelton, drummer for Dexys throughout the early '80s and now no longer on speaking terms with Rowland. "He's not ambitious in the normal sense of the word but he's very determined. He just can't tolerate people who aren't as determined."

Billy Adams, who along with Helen O'Hara, formed the nucleus of the last Dexys phase, concurs. "The only people I've actually seen Kevin be nasty to are certain musicians who haven't pulled their weight and can't understand why everyone is getting annoyed with them. They're probably the ones who are walking around with these horror stories about Kevin."

Most people who think back to when they first met Kevin, to a person, use the word 'determined' to describe him. Trouble only arises, it seems, when people working with Kevin lose that particular quality.

Seb Shelton, again. "He's very single-minded and that goes with the determination. I think anybody who's got something, for want of a better word, that they feel is a vision, they have to be single-minded to achieve it.

"Which is fine if you share that vision, that belief, which I did, but once you start feeling differently, that's when the problems arise. We were very close friends and we ended up not very close at all. I haven't spoken to him since I left and I've no wish to either. I mean, I actually left the group because I didn't like the songs he was writing for 'Don't Stand Me Down', and then I hear I was sacked. He doesn't need to

do things like that, it's unnecessary."

That said, Shelton also believes he'll never play drums with another group again simply because he feels no-one could reach the heights that Dexys did.

Pete Barrett, sleeve designer for all of Rowland's records, has known Kevin for nearly ten years now. His talk is of 'charm' and 'humour'.

"When I first met him," he recalls, "I was really struck by his personality. I thought he was a really charming bloke.

"He's always struck me that way. When I first heard those stories about him hitting people or whatever, I literally thought that people were lying about him. I could never imagine him doing these things. The other thing that people miss as well is his sense of humour because they're so used to taking him seriously. He has got a very funny sense of humour that people never suspect him off."

PUBLIC DISTORTION

There are, perhaps, two elements at work here which help cause such a public distortion of Kevin Rowland. The first is Rowland's reticence to talk about himself, the distrust of being portrayed as 'a good bloke', the constant insistence that it's all there in the music for anyone who's interested.

When you listen to songs such as "Old", "Reminisce Part Two" or newer material such as "When You Walk Alone" the lyrics reveal a caring and sensitive side to Rowland's nature, a quality compounded further by Jim Patterson, Rowland's right hand man up until "Too-Rye-Ay", saying that if Kevin ever saw a tramp begging in the street "it wouldn't be 10p he'd give, more likely a fiver. He has got a very compassionate nature."

Roger Ames adds, "every musician Kevin auditioned for the *Don't Stand Me Down* LP, or used, and there were hundreds of them, was well paid. In fact he paid them a fortune and when the budget for the LP ran out, Kevin paid for everything out of his own pocket. He's the only artist I've known to have done that."

The second element leads us into the irky and troubled waters of class, Catholicism and the power of the imagination. "A lot of his ideas," says Pete Barrett, "only make sense later on. The influence he's had has been enormous from his clothes to the stage presentation, to taking on the music press. Nowadays, these things are basically mainstream, but at the time they were unheard of."

In many ways, he's right. The increasing infatuation with soul music is something that goes right back to the first Dexys Midnight Runners and their anti-rock stance. In the mid-'80s, pop stars suddenly started talking about their health and exercise regimes, denouncing alcohol and drugs in the strongest possible terms.

Two years before, Dexys were out training every day, leading pure lives, banning drink at their shows and being laughed at for their troubles. And then there's the clothes, a source of much humour for the press who, basically being middle class, have never understood the appeal of a certain style or look, or the history behind it.

For most of the music press, being radical amounts to nothing more than a stupid haircut, make-up and a leather jacket. They think that Brooks Brothers, the clothes Kevin adopted for the last Dexys LP, is probably the name for two American comedians, and the idea of style and presentation is a total anathema to most of them.

Every working class musician who has any interest in clothes has been greeted with the same dull insults.

"Ever since I've known him," says Billy Adams, "Kevin has been interested in clothes. Like the Brooks Brothers look that came about when Kevin went to America during the *Too-Rye-Ay* period to do some interviews. When he came back he told us about this look, and then spent months asking around about it, where you could buy it, and actually researching it. He really got into that look although at the time we couldn't wear it because we were still promoting *Too-Rye-Ay*.

With a hostile music press who have never understood the references it was no wonder then that in 1980 Rowland took out a series of now famous ads announcing that there would be no more interviews with "the dishonest hippy music press", only a series of messages which would take the place of interviews.

"Everyone went mad about those adverts," recalls Ames, "telling Kevin he couldn't do it, it was suicide, etc. The thing is, though, even to this day people still remember those adverts."

The truth of the matter," says Seb Shelton, "is that he hasn't licked an arse in his career."

This refusal to court approval is perhaps why everyone gets so upset, starts calling him bolshy and awkward, which, let's face it, is part of his make-up. The man can be impossible when the occasion calls for it.

For example, around the time of *Don't Stand Me Down*, Kevin was convinced that all he had to do with the LP was simply release it, with no single to accompany it.

"I had this whole thing about it as an album," he says, "and it didn't work. I thought it was so brilliant that all I had to do was put it out and everyone would buy it, but it doesn't



• Dexy's before the split. That's Kev at the front, on the left.

work that way. I thought it would have been like *Dark Side Of The Moon* and it could have been. There's nothing wrong with that record. I stand by that record, the music is great. But the whole promotion campaign just fell flat. Also I had no manager at the time and there were a lot of problems."

"It was a good idea in theory," says Ames, "but in practice the only way of reaching people in the UK is through the radio, and to do that you have to have a single. Kevin wouldn't let one be released and although his desire to be taken seriously was a fair one, the method didn't work."

Kevin now says that he was actually toying with the idea of a single until a guy at the record company annoyed him so much, he dropped the idea.

"At the time I could have been persuaded but he went about it in such a manner that I dug my heels in even further. But I'll tell you something, I was in a major record shop the other day, one of the big chains, and I was talking to this bloke who worked there who told me that *Don't Stand Me Down* was the biggest selling LP out of the whole back catalogue. It's selling more and more and is now outselling all the others. So it's not that no-one likes it, it's not like that at all."

The fact of the matter is that Kevin Rowland sets himself, and others, high standards, a trait, one could hazard a guess, that arises from his Catholic upbringing.

Catholics are taught from a very early age that you are basically put on this earth to suffer. They are wracked by guilt and informed that they carry original sin in their souls from the day they were born. They usually view the world in black and white terms, right and wrong, and from this stems extremist tendencies.

So when Kevin Rowland sings about 'punishing the body', 'compromise is the devil talking', or 'taking these ridiculous moods all away', he is expressing a natural instinct born out of his religion.

This is one of the reasons that he can inspire so much fanaticism in his admirers, and divide his enemies so sharply. That and the fact that for his decade at least, Dexys Midnight Runners have been responsible for some of the finest music to have emerged on record or stage.

Until, that is, we all woke up one day to find that Dexys were basically finished.

The cafe is quiet and, ironically enough, a matter of minutes away from the EMI building. It was there, nine years ago after undertaking an interview with the group, that I had stormed around to challenge Rowland on the 'dishonest, hippy press' adverts.

"I don't blame you," Rowland says, "if I was you I'd be just the same, especially as you were one of the journalists that we'd done interviews with. You were bound to take it personally. I would have come round, just like you did."

Fresh from a morning spent in the gym, Rowland is in good form, chatty, amusing and keen to talk about his forthcoming solo LP, *The Wanderer*, a record he believes signals the start of his career. It's also the least intense thing he's ever released.

"Of course it is," he says, "but I've developed. I can sing much better than I ever did, I can write much better, put over a song better. I feel like I've learnt my trade now. I didn't realise it at the time, but it's just worked out that way."

It was, Rowland informs me, when he wrote

the title track of the LP and the single 'Walk-away', that he realised a solo career was beckoning. For the first time, he didn't need the advice of others, something that he had constantly relied on from Kevin Archer at the beginning, Big Jimmy Patterson and Seb Shelton for *Too-Rye-Ay*, and Helen and Billy for the last LP.

"I couldn't see the songs in any other way," he says. "I didn't need to phone up Billy or Helen and say, you know this section here, should I put it here or should I put it there? They would always give me good advice, which I didn't need anymore."

"People are saying to me, Oh you were solo before. Well, I wasn't. There was no way that I was solo before. Billy and Helen put so much into it and I couldn't have done it without them. But I can do now and I told them, and they were all really positive about it. They said, it's a great thing."

"I was worried about Billy, I was thinking what's he going to do, what's he going to think. He said, I think it's great. I'm really glad you told me because I need something to spur me on. Helen was going to stay around and possibly be a musical director but she wanted to do her own solo thing. She decided that she had gone as far as she could. I was quite relieved because it was a whole new start for me."

Written throughout '86, recorded in New York with producer Deodato over three months in '87, and finally released this year, *The Wanderer* will once again confound those who thought they could pin Rowland down musically.

It is as far removed from Dexys as is possible, with a whole range of influences ranging from country and western, doo-wop, pop music, soul and even, hold your breath, rock 'n' roll, scattered throughout.

Lyrical, it is Rowland at his most explicit, especially on songs such as 'Young Man', 'I Am A Wanderer', 'Remember Me' and the beautiful 'When You Walk Alone'.

"They just came out that way," he muses. "I don't fight it, they just come from inside, I don't know how or why. When they were coming out 12 minutes long I didn't fight that either. Now they're coming out like this. With the workds, I always put them down in the purest form. Sometimes, I think, it's getting close to the edge but then I just think sod it, it's got to go in. So I do it everytime. I've got to be truthful to what I'm doing. It's me that's got to look into a mirror every day."

BOUGHT

Having not bought records for years, Rowland is now actively listening to music, enthusing about groups such as The Proclaimers, and watching *Top Of The Pops* each week.

He admits to a long gap between each LP but thinks that is all going to change given his new-found strength and confidence in himself.

"I have become a lot more prolific. I haven't been writing at the moment because of promotion and stuff, but I have been writing more, so I'm getting better at my trade. Like for me, *The Wanderer* is the LP of the year, no question

about it. Someone might be able to equal it but no-one will bat it.

"Like you asked me if I was a good musician, well... I think I'm the best in town. I don't fear anybody alive. I hear people going, oh so and so is great. Well, I don't fear anyone. I'm as good as anyone. Even Prince. People say Prince, he's great, he's amazing. Well, he is good, real good. But I'm better than him. I can sing the arse off him and I can write a better song."

The trouble with Prince is that he puts out too many records.

"Exactly," replies Rowland. "I could do that but what's the point? I could do it every three months. A couple of good songs and some rubbish. You look at it. How many have I written over a year? Ten good ones. I could put two of them and a load of rubbish out every three months, no problems."

If your company allows you, that is.

"No-one allows me or disallows me anything," says Rowland seriously. "I make my own choices. I've earned that position."

In the title track of your LP, there's a line in there, referring to your inability to settle down, which runs "it may be madness, I just don't know." It seems like a very frank thing to be talking about.

"Yeah," Rowland replies, musing on his sanity. "It might be but that's the way it is. There might be one or two who agree with that, I've heard that one said. But I don't think so. I think while you're concerned about it, you're probably alright. When you're not worried about going mad, you're probably going mental. I think I'm quite sane."

Most people I've spoken to say that around the time of *Don't Stand Me Down* you were at your most intense, one of your 'unreasonable' stages, where you were determined to go your own way, and sod the consequences.

"I think one of the reasons I made *Don't Stand Me Down* is because I wasn't really happy with *Too-Rye-Ay*, particularly with hindsight, I was less and less happy with it. It could have been a brilliant album. It was a good album, there were some really good tracks on it. 'Eileen', 'The Waltz' and others, but a lot of it didn't work."

"Half the band were leaving at the time, the production thing really wasn't right. We did a radio session of *Until I Believe In My Soul* about nine months earlier which was so much better. So I really wanted to make sure that *Don't Stand Me Down* was 100 per cent how I wanted it. And it was good. Loads of people came up to me and said, it was everything they were thinking."

This LP, hammered for the dialogue in between tracks, the ultra-conservative look of the group, and the ambitious nature of the songs, is in fact one of the key LPs of the decade, and Dexys finest hour.

To compare it to *The Wanderer* would be foolish as both works are so far apart. "It's just a combination of your influences," says Rowland about his art, "your life from the word go. Where you grew up is a big influence, what school you went to, the religion you were, your parents and all that."

In Rowland's case, this was a working class upbringing, two brothers, two sisters and a



father who ran a successful building company.

"Don't think that we were brought up poor or anything," Rowland interjects. "We were given, as kids, everything we needed. But I don't go in for that working class hero stuff. What I'm trying to do is a kind of classlessness."

This is tempered, however, by Rowland's identification with the working class and his attacks, in his forthcoming single, on the middle classes. When I begin to attack the working class, he's quick to the draw.

"It's alright," he points out, "to say that the working class aren't the *creme de la creme*, but the working class in this country are in a corner. The most noticeable thing about Brit-

ain is the class system, without question, and it's one of the things that's really bad for it."

"But I quickly learnt, years ago, that being a professional cockney is just nowhere, so I've moved on from there. I've made every attempt to neutralise my accent because I don't want to be bracketed. I'm interested in self-improvement really but that doesn't mean becoming a middle class because I would never want to do that."

What Rowland wants to do is simple. Establish himself as a songwriter and singer who is granted due respect and success. His enemies may grind away but it would be a foolish person who bets against him achieving exactly that.



HEY WHAT NOW!

THE COMPLETE JERK!

STEVE MARTIN was a stadium comedian who wanted to be a movie star. Soul brother GAVIN MARTIN looks back at Steve's career and how he made the transition from stage to fully fledged screen star. . .

"Stand up comedy was really just an accident. I felt like a comedian, that was my work. But, as I got into movies, I was reminded this was really why I went into showbusiness."

Some accident. Before he quit live performing in 1980 Steve Martin was America's first and foremost stadium comedian. Famed for appearances on chat shows and America's '70s comedy hot spring *Saturday Night Live* (where John Belushi, Richard Pryor, Dan Ackroyd and many more got their first break), he filled 10-20,000 seater stadia, won Grammys for million-selling records and had a spin off best seller paperback *Cruel Shoes*.

There's still flashes of the old Martin when he's on a promotional blitz, his takeover appearance on *Last Resort* around *Roxanne*'s release for instance, but these days his comic talent is more controlled and carefully dispersed. Back then, however, he was the Gonzo Guru with the floppy rabbit ears and an arrow through his head.

Martin started placing his act together when he was both a Disneyland salesman and a philosophy major. It was past Vietnam and at the time of Watergate; his countrymen were trying to come to terms with The Truth of The Nation. They acted cynical and serious, in comedy, satire was the thing. Steve looked lost, loony, shrugged his shoulders and sighed: "It's so hard to believe in anything any more. I guess I'd be completely lost if it wasn't for my lucky astrology mood watch."

Martin's act captured on *Steve Martin Live* (Vestron Video) and the album *Wild and Crazy Guy* is almost a joke on America itself — an outright celebration of dumbness and a supreme sendup of old guard showbiz smarm. A lampooning buffoon in an outsize flapping white suit he holds comedy conventions up for ridicule while displaying an instinctive grasp of the artform. A panel of celebrity critics ask him "Steve, what is comedy?"

"It's the ability to make people laugh without making them puke," comes the reply.

Years before U2 reversed rock stadia-comfort anthems with 'I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For' Steve Martin had crowds reciting 'The on Confirmist Oath'. Early shows would often end with him leading the audience out of the venue, one time into an empty swimming pool, another time into MacDonalds for a mass burger beano. Later Martinisms like "Well, excuuuuuse me" or "I'm a wild and crazy guy" became coast to coast catchphrases.

Using a number of style props, Tommy Cooper style (there's many similarities between Martin's awstruck fallibility and the late great Brit comedian) including a banjo (he's a mean country picker, borne out by a whole side of *The Steve Martin Brothers* album) the late '70s act still looks inspired and liberating. The multifaceted nature of his talent is already apparent and there's a real feeling of anything-can-happen which only the best stand up comics can generate. The gulps are as much visual — like when he has an attack of "happy feet" or gazes serenely smiling, lost for an interlude and announces "sorry I just went to Barbados" — as though they are straight verbals.

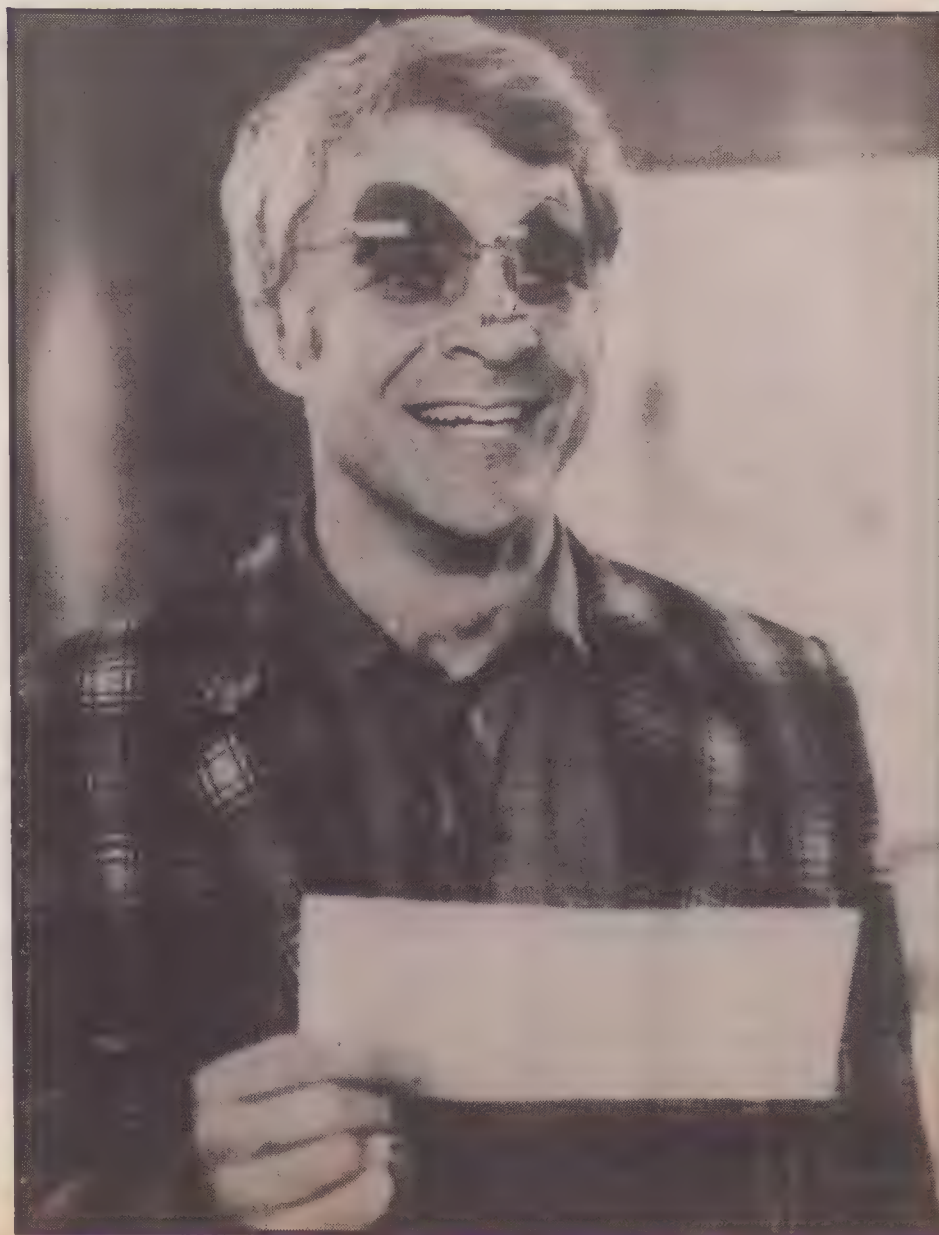
With the latter he mixes affected cool and blunt crudity. "A guy asked me do you mind if I smoke? I said no, is it OK if I fart?" Or there's Steve on misapprehensions about the sex life of a long distance entertainer. "I'm not into this one night stand thing. I think you should get to know someone, maybe even fall in love before you use and degrade them."

Underneath there lays not an insecure Belushi style ogre, nor, thankfully, Chaplin-style arty pretensions, just a responsive craftsman with ideals and aims for his work. His live comedy career was at a peak but Martin wasn't one to push it and the time had come to move on and the movies beckoned.

The Jerk

After the short *Absent Minded Walter* (included on the live video) the blockbuster *The Jerk* provided his first break in mainstream movies.

The character of Navin Johnson, a self-professed son of a "poor black, sharecropping family" is a tailor made idiot that capitalises on the popularity of Martin's stage/TV persona. We first meet Navin who's such a greenhorn he doesn't realise he's white, on Skid Row. He narrates his story — a rise and fall from wealth to penury, the backwood hick cast into the cruel outside world. Dig his sensitively fumbling love talk with dainty Bernadette Peters or a nervous run in with a red hot biker mama. The movie's got a good heart, too, being the strongest anti racist comedy until the advent of John Waters soon-come *Hairspray*. When business bigwigs complain about blacks and "niggers" Navin turns round angry and



• The Jerk

aghast, tearing off his shirt to exclaim, "Sir, I am a nigger."

Pennies From Heaven

Probably only got made because of Martin's insistence, he was a box office trailblazer after *The Jerk*. Al Pacino and Richard Dreyfuss



• Planes, Trains and Automobiles.

were interested but soon shied away from the character of Arthur Parker, much too unsympathetic for a major league star was the consensus opinion. It may be resplendently photographed in neon dreamlike hues and faithful to the sexual longing and fatal desire of screenplay writer Dennis Potter's TV original, but this depression musical nonetheless flopped at the box office.

Reasons? Perhaps the great American public wasn't ready for a totally transformed singing, dancing straight man Martin and, though it takes its cue from the extravaganzas of '30s Hollywood, the cold despairing theme is hardly the sort of thing to grab mainstream imagination. Bob Hoskins, whose original Arthur Parker was one of his finest performances was angered that Potter sold *Pennies* to Hollywood as thereafter the TV series was consigned to the dumper. Shame.

Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid

Reunited with director Carl Reiner (former foll for Mel Brooks, father of director Rob) Martin became Rigby Reardon, a spoof on all those '40s monochrome hardboiled private dicks. The movie's gimmick, aiding the occasionally lame script, was to have Steve skilfully spliced, sometimes even into the same frame, of a host of the genre movies *Dead Men* is based on.

So he mixes with Burt Lancaster and Bette Davis, kisses Fred McMurray and helps Bogie smarten himself up. Despite a beautifully orchestrated sexual comic chemistry between Martin and Rachel Ward (like Woody Allen Martin has hatched many successful screen partnerships with ladies) the gimmick is a little overworked.

The Man With Two Brains

The full range of Martin's skills comes into focus in this, the story of how Dr Hfuhnnuhurr (well if you're going for comedy why not start with the names) the sex mad brain surgeon turns into a grey matter lecher. Kathleen Turner replays her sultry temptress from *Body Heat* and Steve is wiry, animated, subtle and fast. The film still lacked a complete complement to Martin's manifold skills and imaginative, frantic spasms (David Warner's mad doctor falls flat). But the whole premise is an extravagant extension of Martin's original loony logic and it's a killer.

Lonely Guy

Martin hadn't had a hit since *The Jerk* so *Lonely Guy* (mis)matched him with hit writer Neil Simon and gave him a dejected, tears of a clown persona. Flung out by his girlfriend Martin joins a network of Lonely Guys. He goes into a restaurant, asks for a table for one, the music and chat stops and all heads turn, when he cries for his lost love in a skyscraper apartment a chorus of lonely guys reply, renting the night air like a bunched of wounded wolves. Overall the movie represents a step back for Martin, Simon's script pigeonholes him too neatly and during filming he had disagreements with director Arthur Hiller. "We had a wealth of material but we couldn't put a story round it," was the always modest star's post mortem verdict.

All Of Me

The Jerk made more money than the four Martin movies that followed it put together, but this gave him a much deserved follow up hit. Martin gives the sort of performance which, were it not in the still denigrated confines of a mere comedy, would have been an Oscar winner. Lily Tomlin plays a millionairess whose wish to undergo a soul transmigration upon her death misfires and she ends up in the body of lawyer Roger Cobb (Martin).

Thus we have our hero playing a man with a woman inside him, or a woman trapped inside a man, depending on who's got the upper

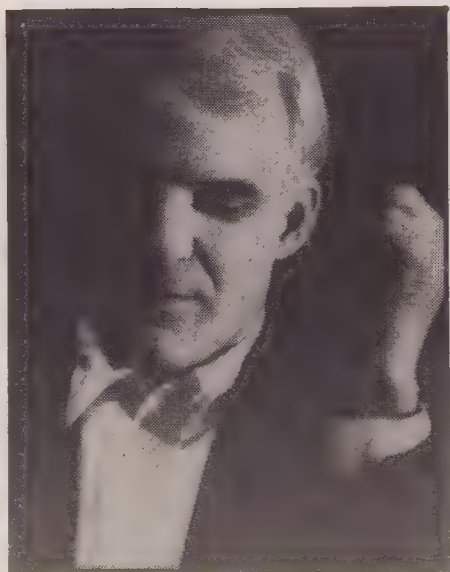


• The Jerk: "daddy, will my skin fade too when I'm older?"

hand. Confused? Martin's performance lays your confusions to waste. Tomlin spent hours videotaping her quirks and mannerisms and Martin studied them to amass a vocabulary of physical jerks and gender switchovers, in one scene when *he* falls asleep in court *she* takes over and tries the case. Thus Martin plays a man, playing a woman who's pretending to be a man! Before the advent of Thatcher's lapdog cabinet ministers, Saatchified for TV, that was a hell of an original act.

Little Shop Of Horrors

There were other Martin Cameo appearances in the disastrous *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and the best forgotten *Muppets Movie* but this is a showstopper, blitzing everything else in sight. He's a caricature of evil, a biker in black leather with an Elvis lip curl and a sadistic streak exploited to the full in his day job as a dentist, 'The Leader Of The Plaque'. Brilliantly matched with a cameo from masochistic Bill Murray Martin recalls the singing dancing skills of *Pennies From Heaven* for

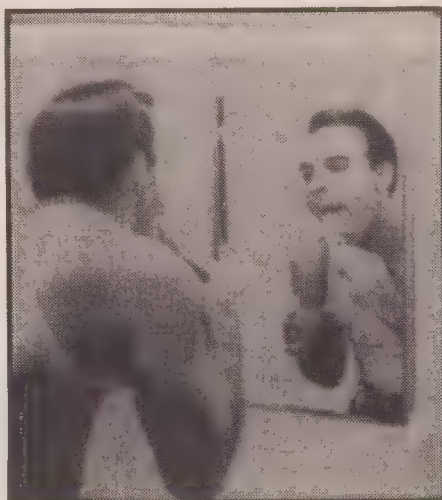


Trains, Planes And Automobiles

Previously he thought of his movies "as experiments to lead somewhere else. I can't look back at them, I think of them all as noble failures." This just-released yuppie terror, nightmare extended journey over America shows that, now in his mid 40s Martin continues to develop and improve.

Director Hughes is famous for his ensemble pieces such as *Breakfast Club* and Martin benefits from the finely etched characterisation of marketing ad man Neal Page. Page is the straight man in this comedy of exasperation, slowly simmering under pressure as he's unable to shake off loud, bumptious, eager to please shower curtain ring salesman Del Griffin (John Candy). The way Martin now moulds his performance calming down the old loonish mayhem and wild energy is the sign of a man who has come to terms with the full range of his talents. As a result his torrential diatribes are all the more rewarding. He lunges at the airport's car hire clerk, seethes at Griffin's garulous gormlessness — "Didn't you get some idea how much you were boring me when I started to read the vomit bag on the plane?" or simply plays mute creasing his face as he becomes increasingly anxious, frustrated and agonised.

Work has begun on the new Martin movie in which he's paired with Michael Caine. Still scheduled is an intriguing pairing with director David Lynch (*Eraserhead*, *Blue Velvet*) in something provisionally titled *One Saliva Bubble*.



• Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid: detecting a hair lip



• Little Shop Of Horrors: "woops, missed."

a five minute one take spectacular of sustained comic energy.

The Three Amigos

A feast of American comic heavyweights with Chevy Chase joining director Landis and Martin, and arch wit Randy Newman writing the songs and helping out on the screenplay. And yet it's a howler, a klutzyville spoof that never seems to know what it's meant to be parodying (genre or theme, heroism or Hollywood). Chevy Chase is a lump who's coasted on garbage for years, Martin Short is genial berkish and unimpressive, what third Amigo Martin was doing wasting his time in this constrictive setting with a trio which has no dynamism or central chemistry is best explained by agents and contracts, I guess.

Roxanne

"You might de-emphasise your nose if you wore something bigger. Like Wycoming."

Martin had his own project to unfurl as he walked away from *The Amigos* Mess. And it was quite some movie, the Steve Martin coming of age pic. In his own words *Roxanne* is the first time he had a story that actually motivated the comedy. That may be because this Martin script, based on a French drama, was one he had wanted to make since he was 12.

The conception and dreamlike Americanisation of the story took years and 40 rewrites with advice from many of his past directors and even Gore Vidal along the way. It all paid off, CD Bales is his finest creation, with an outsize nose that is the cue for 19 more cracks like the one above as well as acting as a metaphor for handicap and insecurity. In *Roxanne* Martin has made the transition from a comedian in movies to comic actor *par excellence*, he's subsumed the delicacy and physical poetry glimpsed elsewhere in a consummation whole. The only comparable actor in movie history is Cary Grant, that's quite some company.



• Roxanne: "Anyone for tennis?"

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YOU BEING THE WORLD

SEAN O'HAGAN hitches a lift to Birmingham to hear tall tales of mystery and imagination, plus the facts on UB40's new records, films and their forthcoming trans-global trek...

SCENE ONE: BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY

Deep in the heart of Birmingham, The Churchill Snooker Club has been hijacked by an itinerant film crew. Bright lights and cameras alert a growing crowd of curious onlookers to the presence of some kind of fame. A weary film hand pleads for silence and, as the crowd's anticipation settles into a murmur, the pool hall door flies open to reveal a sinister looking priest with a familiar face.

He exits pursued by punters, irate, animated, cue wielding punters. The crowd crack up. The director asks for a re-run. The priest looks pissed off. An old Irish guy mutters something about blasphemy. Had he been more vociferous, he might have earned himself a cameo role in *Dance With The Devil*. It seems like every one else has.

So far, various onlookers have chanced upon various celebs going through various motions late at night in various Birmingham locations. They may have seen a priest called Robert Palmer, a drug dealer called Keith Allen, a tart with a heart of gold called Chrissie Hynde or a snooker hall heavy called Paul Henry aka *Crossroads* Benny. What's it all about?

SCENE TWO: DANCE WITH THE DEVIL

In a fast flash car, I talk to the sinister looking priest and the devil-may-care director—Ali Campbell and Brian Travers respectively. They are 25 per cent of Brum's biggest export, the stay-at-home-boys of UB40, with a new album, single and full length feature film on the cards. All before they depart for the biggest tour of their nine year career—12 months traversing the globe, 12 months away from their beloved Brum.

"The film's a way of promoting the album while we're away," offers sax man come celluloid auteur, Brian Travers, "it can be shown in part to match certain songs or in whole. Either way, it's a move away from the usual pop promo which has become a really boring medium. It doesn't look like a pop promo at all..."

"All those millions of edits in three minutes, utterly boring," adds the sinister priest, Ali. "Three minutes isn't enough any more."

Are UB40 going *epic*?

Brian: "The film's basically a moral tale about good versus evil. The obvious comparisons are with *Faust*. Or *The Yob*, changing into something else, trading your soul, all that religious stuff. And the priest—that's a romantic throw-back to all those Pat O'Brian movies, *Angels With Dirty Faces* and what have you. Very romantic, all that weird false respect people have for the priest. I can't spoil the plot 'cos it has a few twists, but basically it's good against evil and it's a vehicle for him (points to Ali), not a Dave Clarke Five type movie where all the band gets parts in every scene."

SCENE THREE: THE SAME OLD SONG?

Upstairs at the back of The Churchill Snooker Club, Robin Campbell—UB40's strong silent type—thrashes *Juke* photo-



grapher Steve Pyke at snooker before taking me to the relative calm of the back room where, interrupted by the soft kiss of cue on ball, we discuss the new UB40 album, completed and primed for imminent release. Their 11th album. Of all the class of '79, UB40 are the soul survivors. A constant soundtrack for the Thatcher years, their career has spanned her three terms and all the social comment of their early work has been fulfilled threefold:

"Yeah, we came up with her and, unfortunately, she's still here and stronger. I'd be the first to say that we've gotten a bit cynical, worn out even. When we was young and fresh and firing all that early stuff, we actually believed we could change things with a few pop songs. Now, we've wised up."

Maybe you should give up?

"Some people probably think so but we still enjoy it. The lyrics become harder and harder 'cos you have to find ways of saying things you've said two or three times before and, in the back of your mind, you know most people don't give a toss what the song says. The music's easy though. We still enjoy that side."

What's the most pop song can do, say a lyric like "*Sing Our Own Song*" which is a kind of anti-apartheid anthem? You must have some faith in them, if you still write them?

"I don't think they can change things really. Maybe on an individual level. I'm proud of that one 'cos I get a buzz from it when I hear it—it has something. We'll be proud to sing it at the Mandela birthday thing. But, like, I don't think pop music has ever really pointed the way, that's a myth. If you look at the protest song era—Bob Dylan was a product of protest not vice versa. Same with us—we sang about things that everyone else was making a big deal of at the start. When everyone else went quiet, so did we. Sad, but true."

It seems that most protest now homes in on money—if benefits don't raise peoples' consciousness, they certainly raise a good deal of money for the cause?

"Yea, but in many cases, I disagree vehemently with that set up. Charity benefits, or even Aids benefits, I disagree with entirely."

Why should people have to raise money for Aids research. The money should be there, ready and available. The government should hand it over. We've already given them vast amounts of money. Charity does get me worked up, the whole premise is wrong."

How about political benefits: ANC, Clause 28, CND? You were involved in Rock Against Racism once?

"Oh Jesus, in retrospect, I think RAR was really unhealthy. I've told the story before about a guy appearing on stage at a huge RAR rally in London and saying that the National Front were marching half a mile away and if all 30,000 of us went down there we'd stop them. We all went 'YEAH!'. When we got there, there was 20 of us. The other 30,000 were in the park listening to free rock groups. Anyway, today, we work democratically—there's eight of us and we all have to agree on the benefit".

SCENE FOUR: KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS

"The single's gonna be a cover of Lorna Bennett's 'Breakfast In Bed', a real reggae classic. Chrissie Hynde wanted to do 'Let's Make A Baby' by Billy Paul but we convinced her otherwise."

'Breakfast In Bed' will probably race to the top of the charts like 'I Got You Babe' and 'Don't Break My Heart' before it but the strongest cut on the new album—provisionally entitled 'UB40' (wow!)—is 'Cos It Isn't True'. The Ali and Brian double act take up the story:

"It's an out and out attack on yuppies..."

"And pseudo-intellectual tossers..."

"And social climbing bastards..."

"People who go 'oh, have you seen the new David Lynch?' a month before the bloody film comes out."

"And they say it with such conviction as if you hadn't heard all that sorta bollocks a hundred times from similar wankers..."

"And you just wanna throw up on their shoes..."

"It's about a specific person, too."

Cheers, lads. How about the rest of the album?

"The best thing we've done in years. There's a song about smack dealers in Moseley and Balsall Heath selling to young 'uns—'Come Out To Play'..."

And a few love songs and a few of Jimmy's

ambiguous type songs which are never what they seem. One's called 'You're Always Pulling Me Down' and we all thought it was a love song but it's just Jimmy on life, a bitter diatribe against life's injustices."

"Basically," says Ali, "it's what we've been trying to do for years and never quite cracked."

"And now we have," adds Brian, "I am a critical bastard but I think it's our best effort. I'm a reactionary and I like it but the critics'll probably hate it. I hate critics, I do. Bunch of (asterisks), good for nuthin' pen pushing bastards. That's basically how I feel about journalists. It's the basic skinhead coming out in me. Nothin' personal, like."

SCENE FIVE: ART FOR ART'S SAKE

The album contains more of what UB40 do best—skanking melodies, blasts of brass and the mellowed out vocals of the Campbell brothers. It is close enough to all the others to appease the die-hard fan and just different enough from the rest to satisfy good for nothin' pen pushing bastards like me. One thing it has, though, it a bona fide work of art on the cover courtesy of young Cockney artist, Steve Masterson:

Brian: "Young artists in this country get treated like shit so we thought we'd find some who wanted their work taken outside the context of a bourgeois gallery and into the living rooms of the nation. It doesn't really represent the music, it's more art for arts sake and we'll have the originals to keep on the wall at home. I just believe that people should have a chance—like, I'm never gonna be the saxophone player I want to be, so I make films. This guy didn't wanna stay in the galleries so now he's in the living rooms."

SCENE SIX: LAST TRAIN TO NEW STREET

Brian: "In Birmingham, we're like the big fish in the pond 'cos everyone else has left. People know us and wish us well. That's what kinda worried me about the Bambaataa single—people saying 'here we go, UB40 doing hip-hop'. It's not really us. We've avoided all the trends—rockabilly, funk, jazz-funk, Hungarian-funk dancing, house, Hungarian fookin' house, long hair, acoustic guitars and flares and incense and acid fookin' house. People like us 'cos we're consistent and, down here, they say best of luck to them for being successful."

In a commandeered railway museum, an old vintage steam engine rolls into view, framed by arc lights and huge clouds of steam. Camera, lights, action! There are maybe 30 faces waiting for their moment of celluloid glory. They are all friends, local lads and Brummie wide boys. Extras in a movie that's been happening round here for the last nine years. Still a major attraction—The UB40 story is destined to run and run.



Time Will Tell

Even at 37, Martha Davis' policy is to stay on the move . . .

"I really worry about myself sometimes," Martha Davis sighs. "At 37, you'd imagine I'd be starting to slow down — but I'm not. It's awful!"

"I'm just getting more and more energetic and busy, and I just keep enjoying life more."

Davis is such a handywoman that she keeps herself busy outside music building things in her house. She just finished fixing a window in her home studio, repaired the car, and on the weekend had a garage sale to get rid of a collection of tour souvenirs and hotel room keys from the Motels days, that she found in an old suitcase in her dusty attic.

Life in the Davis household in Los Angeles, which she shares with her late teenaged kids is hectic anyway. There's always some Australian traveller stopping over or an actor or musician friend dropping over to keep the hospitality fountain pretty much pumping.

Even at midnight, when this interview was finally done, there was an air of chaos in the living room. She'd just finished a writing session with her band Foreign Policy, her business manager had dropped around to get some contracts signed, and earlier in the day she'd bought a new video camera so she could document her current Australian tour.

When Davis gushes on about Australia, it's not the usual showbiz diplomatic drivel.

For Martha Davis' solo LP *Police* and its two hits "Don't Tell Me The Time" and "Tell It To The Moon" only happened in a big way in Australia. Things are tough in the US.

"Basically, it (the LP) got released in America just before the Christmas rush, when all the big acts bring out their big guns, so *Police* virtually got swallowed up. The problem is that American radio is so tightknit that if the first record off an LP doesn't work, then they won't play the second single off it.

"So it stiffed here when, thank God for Australia, it took off there, so I went over to promote it. By that stage Foreign Policy (her band) had done some gigs around California and they sounded so *hot*, that I just wanted to tour around the world with them, because ultimately it's live shows which validate what I do.

"After my Australian visit, I flew on to

Europe where I expected *Police* to be even bigger, but that was a big disappointment too. Dance music has never been bigger there, plus European radio looks at the American charts to see what records to pick up, so that ended as a big fat zero for me too."

Did she panic?

"Me! I'm too old to panic! I took stock of the situation, fired my manager, came back to LA and did more writing. One way to get to know your band is to write with them. We start every day at midday and then finish about 10 pm. We've written some great new songs which haven't been recorded yet, which we'll be playing in Australia. We just finished some shows around California and the songs sound great."

Before the recent return to the road, however, there was a lineup change. Michael Goodra, the bassist who'd been the one Motels member Martha kept for her new band, decided to return to Albuquerque and his medical studies.

He's replaced by Simeon Piolich.

"Simeon's got another name, an Assyrian one, but we don't even use that one, it's virtually unpronounceable! Foreign Policy really is a little United Nations — there are people in it who can speak fluent German, fluent Japanese, our drummers' parents live in Israel and he speaks perfect Hebrew, there's no culture shock or language barrier when this band tours around the world!"

Already Davis has forgotten the *Police* LP, which she wryly calls "my Easter album — it died in America, I went to the funeral and then resurrected it in Australia." After the Oz dates, she and the band will go into the studios in November and start work on the next LP.

Had she been competitive and aggressive as a child?

"Oh the contrary, I was very insecure, I didn't even like games. I'm not a competitive person. That's why I enveloped myself in my music, it's something that has got to come out of me.

"That's why I can't believe I ended up in a rock band. I mean, I grew up in Berkeley opposite the bay from San Francisco, and I never left Berkeley. I decided I'd never step foot out of there. So what do I do? I join a band and



travel throughout the world, visiting all these wonderful countries.

"I'm a real collector, I'm afraid. I found this suitcase in my attic the other day which rattled a lot, and I opened it and out dropped all these thousands of things — souvenirs, door keys, dolls, you name it! These days I have a giant silver charm to which I add little souvenirs from different countries, like this frog one which came from Puerto Rico and is considered their national animal. It took me ages to find a wombat, but I bloody well did!"

So how did a shy insecure girl like her find out about the birds and the bees?

"Good old fashioned experimentation. My sister and I were kind of juvenile delinquents, so at 12 we used to slip away from school and go over to these two boys' house whose mum went away to work, so that's where we held our parties.

"I wasn't quite sure how things worked, and

then I got pregnant, and suddenly knew how some things worked, and of course at 12 you know so much, don't you. I fell in love and was convinced that our love was the love to end all loves. So at 15 I was an Air Force bride and living in Tampa, in Florida . . . yeuch!"

Any regrets?

"None, I've had a great life, I really have. The fact I have two wonderful kids and they're such good friends of mine, that's all that matters.

How come she didn't form a new band and call it The Motels?

"We'd spent eight years together, had two Top 10 hits in America with "Only Lonely" and "Suddenly Last Summer" — we had another hit in Australia with "Total Control" which was considered too way out here, the new band does it in the set and it sounds so hot — and I thought we'd had a good run. Time to leave as friends and start something else."



HOUSE ABOVE THE W

Some people are saying the new CROWDED HOUSE album 'Temple Of Low Men' is better than their surprise, chart-topping debut of last year; just as Neil Finn is deciding he'd like to break out of the "limited format" of the three minute pop song. . .

By Christie Eliezer



• Pic by Marty Williams

Neil Finn had just flown back the night before from Los Angeles where he'd been doing some recording with brother Tim on the latter's solo LP, produced by Crowded House's knob-twiddler Mitchell Froom.

"I basically did some guitar on it, I thought it'd be good to grab the opportunity when it was there. I might go back and also do some backing vocals."

There'd been talk for ages of a Neil-Tim duet on either Crowded House or Tim solo LP. What became of that?

"That's been in the air for ages, we've talked about it for a long time and it will happen. But we just want to do it properly. We'd rather take the time and maintain the old standards than rush it through."

"But it's inevitable that it'll happen, the two-part harmony thing. It goes back to when we were kids, we'd rehearse in the hallway then go into the living room and perform for our parents and their friends."

With a world tour and second LP emerging, life is hectic in the Neil Finn household. They haven't had a holiday — a proper one — for years, and with eight months of hard touring, it doesn't look like one's on the horizon for quite sometime. But before the European tour begins in August, Neil and his wife Sharon and their son Liam hope to take in a few days' rest in Hawaii.

Crowded House are clearly such hot stuff that even something as simple as a video shoot becomes a media event. A photographer commissioned to take shots for a Japanese magazine is there.

So too are the *Live At Five* TV cameras, who profile the shooting; from the good-natured exasperation of the directors, to talking to Neil's mum and dad who're over from New Zealand for a fortnight's holiday (they consider Crowded House's image "a lot nicer and more wholesome" than Enz's), to them hamming it up on "You Are So Beautiful", to Neil expressing regret that their \$90,000 video is par for the course these days.

Paul Hester says for the next Crowded House video, he'd much prefer to do it as a home movie.

"Ha, I'd like to see him get up at 8 in the morning and keeping up the enthusiasm for five days! It's a bit sad in a way that a clip costs about \$90,000 and the record took \$20,000 to make. In Australia it used to be possible for bands to make a video for just \$2,000 but we seem to have got into this thought that we need to do expensive ones, just like they do overseas."

"But of course having said that, we do make \$90,000 videos so Crowded House are in there just as much as anybody else."

Would Crowded House have the clout in the US to get away with a home-made video?

"The potential is always there, I suppose. We did the last one kinda cheapish and it got stacks of airplay on MTV in America. The priority is to remember that video clips are just entertainment, and you can have as much entertainment for \$1000 as you can with \$100,000."

What's Crowded House's status in America? Can you be considered to have 'made it'? Or is there still a lot of work to be done there?

"A couple of hit singles do not make a career. There's a lot more work, lot more hits, lot more albums, before we can be considered a major band. We have no illusions about that aspect of it."



• Pic by Chris Leslie

You can tour so many times and still not make a dent in the Midwest, I believe.

"Evan English, who directed the video for 'Something So Strange' deliberately made it so we'd look wholesome and fun. He said it was part of his masterplan to break Crowded House into the Midwest! But we do well in those areas."

When's the last time you took a holiday?

"You have bits and pieces here and there but basically once the momentum starts, it's pretty hard to jump off. Yes, there is pressure, but a lot of it is learning to say no. If you do everything other people want you to do, you'd be working 365 days. I'm not very good at saying 'no' but I'm slowly learning to tactfully saying no."

At which point you get accused of being a snotty nosed bastard. . .

"Yeah, probably (laughs). No-one could accuse us of acting like superstars, but hopefully there's an understanding that we can't do everything we're asked to do. But, you know, you can't please everybody. . ."

What's the most disaster-filled holiday you've had?

"Whenever Sharon and I do go on holiday, we inevitably find ourselves in some disaster or something. But the worst one was when we went to one of the most picturesque places in New Zealand and it rained for the 3½ days we were there. So we ended up playing snooker."

"Neither of us drank, so we couldn't even hole up in the bar. As it is, we'd nip out every time it looked like it'd stop raining."

That line "I'd much rather have a caravan in the hills than a mansion in the slums", is it from a book or a conversation you've had?

"Neither, I was walking along up in the Los Angeles hills humming a Prince song, getting into those rhythms that only he seems to get. I got to the top of the hill and there was a caravan park, then I turned around and there were the lights of LA beneath. The line just popped into my head. It's basically a song about LA but it's meant to be tongue in cheek, I wouldn't want people to think I was taking myself very seriously."

It crystallises an aspect of your writing, both yours and Tim's, of a very country outlook, using seasons and weather to describe emotions.

"Well, I grew up in a country town in New Zealand so I guess maybe I've got a country outlook. Hopefully years of travelling in large cities in rock bands haven't taken away that innocence of childhood, something I hope I never lose."

In the song, the singer is confused, he's not sure if he'll be happy living in a farm or not.

"That's right, because in the first part of the song I was being so moralistic, and towards the end I was wondering 'have I the right to be

like that?' It's a tongue in cheek look at this very Californian New Age attitude where people think 'I am God, I want to be spiritual and hold on to my material goods'. They really deceive themselves into thinking that it's possible."

"The great thing about the Australian phenomenon of knockers is this sort of attitude is not tolerated in Australia, which I think is healthy. In Los Angeles, status and success are almost religious that people worship."

"As for me, it would be nice to end up on a farm somewhere. But as long as I was about 45, or 50, so I could actually enjoy the outdoors and its lifestyle, have a couple of grandchildren around. . . my, doesn't all this sound so cosy!"

Temple of The Low Men" is a classic second LP, which streamlines the different threads on the first one.

"It's so hard for me to comment on it, but judging from the reaction of other people, it's a bit different, with a lot more variety in the atmosphere. Possibly that makes it an album you'll have to listen to a couple of times."

"My strongest feature has always been melody. . . melody and chords. . . they've been easy for me, unlike lyrics which I've had to work at. A good melody sustains throughout, it transcends whether a style is original or new. I mean, I can appreciate hip hop and rap but I think they're a narrow form of music."

What was your reaction when Paul Young did "Don't Dream It's Over" at the Nelson Mandela show?

"Well, I heard he massacred it! (laughs) I didn't actually see the show, which is a pity, but friends' opinion of his treatment ranged from 'it was OK' to 'he massacred it!'. Nevertheless I was flattered, I should say."

Theoretically having people of that status covering your songs or reviews suggesting that Paul McCartney would kill to write melodies like you do, should be making you more ambitious where your writing is concerned.

"Well it does, it makes me want to take things to extremes."

Yet that's the difference between the '60s and the '80s. In the '60s people like Lennon & McCartney or Jagger and Richards, once their bands became very popular, utilised that popularity by taking their art and breaking down boundaries. Lennon was writing a song like 'Strawberry Fields Forever' as a conversation between two people, McCartney was forging ahead with things like 'Eleanor Rigby' and 'Penny Lane', very sophisticated lyrics for that time.

"Absolutely, I agree with you. That's one thing I want to be wary of. Having the records achieve that kind of chart success does give me confidence, makes me say to myself 'I'm

ORLD

not doing it wrong'. But at the same time, that kind of success can also restrict you if you don't watch it, because people keep wanting you to repeat that success, they want the same kind of record as the one they bought.

"So success no longer becomes the key to experiment but the way to make records that will make you more successful. It's an interesting point, actually, because I've got to the stage where I feel that the three-minute pop song is a limited format, and I'm looking for other idioms because there are a lot of styles within me, and it's just a question of my taking the time to tap them."

Are you talking about writing a musical?

"I don't think so. I've no desire to write a musical. It's hard for me to talk about this, because I'm not quite sure what I'm heading for. I know I feel restricted, and it's taking me somewhere else. I'll be interesting to see what sort of stuff I'll be writing next year."

In the late '60s, of course, when writers started to feel restricted by the three-minute pop song format, they started to stretch their ideas into concept albums and rock operas...

"Yeah, I had this great idea last night, about this kid called Tommy who goes deaf, dumb and blind when he sees his father being murdered and..."

Hmm, looks like you watched the same old Joan Crawford movie from where Peter Townshend nicked his whole idea for Tommy.

"Well, I can tell you I'm NOT going to be writing a rock opera, or a symphony either. It's not going to be as grandiose as that. I've been listening to such a variety of music since I was 15, 16, from my father's classical music collection to pop to folk, there are so many varieties.

I think it takes guts for a band like Crowded House to go on live TV and play your songs acoustically, no gimmicks or tricks to slick things up. Is there a thrill, do you think, of performing like that where you can't hide behind volume and amplification?

"Well it's probably a bit more natural and comfortable for us. Firstly the songs are written for that sort of treatment and, secondly, it's such a great leveller. These days there's so much written and hyped about performers, that the simplest thing to do is a one-to-one communication with the audience, 'this is what I do' not 'this is what my publicity agent thinks I could be doing'."

"To Tim and me, this is the most natural thing for us. As I said before, virtually every Finn family party ended up with a sing-along. I used to be more eager about them than Tim, he was quite reticent about it, which is why it's surprising that he ended up being the front-man of a rock band!"

Have you gone on and listened to acoustic performers like Bert Jansch and the late Sandy Denny to pick-up tips?

"I wish I had. I tend to overlook my guitar playing. But on the other hand I don't specifically want to end up devoting hours and hours locked away in a room working on my guitar-when I should be working on my songs. **When you listen to somebody else's record, what do you specifically listen to — the production, the instruments, the singing?**

"Funnily enough I don't listen a lot to other people's music, particularly when I'm writing because I don't want other influences creeping in. Generally I listen to the texture of the whole thing.

"Going back to what we were talking about, acoustic and electric, I think it is possible to mix feelings and amplification without losing the intensity of either. Midnight Oil are a case in point. It's gratifying to see 'Beds Are Burning' doing so well on American radio."

In a way, the Oils' success in the States is probably more significant than that of Crowded House!

"I'd tend to agree to a degree. Part of the reason I'm so pleased for the Oils is that their new bass player (Bones Hillman) used to live with us in our house. The other is that American radio doesn't give much exposure to



• Pic by Andrew Murray

bands whose entire focus is on sincerity and communication. The Oils tend to be more strident so it's nicer that they've got airplay because bands like that generally don't. But Crowded House work on sincerity and communication too, so I think it's good that American punters are open to Australian bands who tend to be a bit more *real*."

Do you ever find it hard to write songs that kept within the three-minute format?

"They're easy, those songs which you write for radio, because there are traditional structures — you have a verse or two, then a chorus, and then you throw in another verse. Some of those writers in the '60s certainly made it such an artform that their songs were mind-boggling.

"As a kid I used to love songs like that — within three minutes, you had all the melody and excitement and tension you wanted. That's what made pop so exciting.

"See, the problem is, The Beatles made it seem so easy and it really wasn't. Ask most musicians in America what inspired them, and they'd tell you they saw The Beatles on *The Ed Sullivan Show* (the hugely popular US TV-show in which The Beatles broke through into America in 1963/64) and they were inspired to write their own songs and play 'em because it seemed so easy. Of course when they tried to do it, it wasn't that simple after all."

Crowded House tend to take the entire family on the road when they tour: doesn't it turn the whole thing into something of a circus?

"Well, we've always existed as an extended family, the way Enz did in the old days. It's just easier all round for me to take Sharon and Liam with me. Paul takes Mardi along and Nick takes Brenda, there are nannies and roadies, and last year Eddie Rayner was on the road with us and we told him to bring his family along as well, so it did get somewhat large.

"It's generally a lot more fun, it just means after a gig you end up playing cards or having coffee and toast rather than having a party. We've been touring for so long that this endless party syndrome can be a bore, and I've never been a party animal anyway."

Crowded House are such big business that surely it'd be utterly impossible for you three to look at each other and say 'OK, it's getting stale, let's call it quits today'. Not with lawyers and managers and royalties and all that, the pressure must certainly be on you NOT to break up.

"I've worried about this. So many peoples' careers do depend on what the three of us do, that sometimes I wonder when I'm making a decision that I'm doing it for the good of the band, not because it'd be good for the people surrounding the band.

"The arrangement with Crowded House is a funny one, it could be the shortest living band or it could just go for years and years. It's hard to know. But ultimately the band got together

as a vehicle for the songs and that's what'll keep it together. Who knows what type of songs I'll be writing in two years? Or how we'll feel about doing this then?

"But the way I feel now is that we're self contained, it's a good vehicle, we've got no problems with creative pressures and I'm so pleased with the way Crowded House do the songs I haven't even the remotest reason for writing for other people. But the frustration of being in a band that's gone past its natural life span is so unbelievable, that when the time comes, we'll no doubt just shake hands and go our ways."

What's the scariest thing for a band on the way down, how did it use to be when Split Enz had their 'down' slides? Was it as trivial as the fact that djs and publicists didn't return your calls any more?

"The worst thing is *apathy*. It doesn't matter when the public love you or hate you because you're exciting some sort of emotion, it's when they start thinking 'oh yawn, not *them* again', that's when you feel terrible.

"But with Enz, we were always committed and we were trying our best whether we were up or not. I remember a time when Molly Meldrum went on *Countdown* and slagged us for a concert we gave, and I thought 'you bastard' because it was Paul Hester's first gig with us and the first show on our *Conflicting Emotions* tour and, maybe, there were a couple of things that went wrong but I didn't think we deserved that kind of slagging off, particularly as the same week Bowie was in town and gave a pretty ordinary performance and Molly didn't say a word about *that*. I had a go at him the next time I saw him and we sorted it out, everything's fine now.

"But the music industry's a fickle one, and most people within know that a band has its ups and downs, so there's no need to slag a band when they're down because they could soon be up there again. There are the odd individuals who do go through the phase of not recognising you because you're not having a lot of hits but you do adjust to that because unfortunately the music biz is such a success-orientated thing that a lot of people, particularly those in the media need to hitch themselves to rising stars."

Obviously you use the term figuratively in the song "I Feel Possessed" but you've always been aware of your Irish roots, are you into Celtic superstitions and beliefs in the darker forces?

"I have an interest in it but not enough for me to talk about specifically. Some people believe in a luck force, and I've had a lot of luck, and reincarnation is pretty big now although I'm not sure if I'm a big believer in that.

"I think the main reason is that I see myself as pretty practical, and I'm aware of how much money people are making out of these 'beliefs' so I don't want to end up thinking of myself as gullible."

This is, what your tenth year in the public life?

"Yeah, it's been fun, and I've travelled a lot more than I would have if I didn't go down this path. There are the inevitable problems of being recognised but you come to terms with that.

"The one thing you've got to keep in check all the time is you could become very self centred. When you get into the album/tour/album syndrome you're focussed on what you're always doing and in interviews you're invariably talking about yourself. Thankfully I think I've retained that caring attitude... I hope (laughs).

Tell me about the house you bought.

"It's a bit of a dump at the moment, but we wanted to buy a large property with a lot of space, so we'll keep the shell of the house and build within it. The best thing about it is the gardens, it's full of trees and greenery."

What car do you drive?

"Citroen... oh, I've got an FJ Holden as well, but I'm quite partial to the Citroen."



• Pic by Marty Williams

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Back on the front page

JIMMY PAGE

Outrider
(WEA)

The more I write about rock people, the more I tend to admire those who last more than ten years. Not, heavens, because they're "survivors", but because so few make it from one decade to another without making dribbling, embarrassing asses of themselves.

Like so many of the '70s giants, Jimmy Page is one who found the '80s pretty tough going. His solo albums were meandering, without being spectacular, and I melted my Firm album down to an ashtray a long time ago, it was *that* memorable. What's more, whenever recluse Page was hauled out into Very Important Events like Live Aid or the ARMS shows in Europe and America, he proved to be quite shabby indeed.

So what, you ask? So many people flare like a sparkler, burn themselves out and then hang around like a dog turd scraped off the bottom of your shoe.

In Jimmy Page's case, things got a mite confusing of course because while his new projects were imminently forgettable, his '70s past was looming so big that it virtually submerged him. Much to everybody's astonishment, young kids started to flock to Led Zep records for the power, energy and passion they thought lacked in '80s rock. All of a sudden bands like Fastway, Whitesnake and the turly excruciating Kingdom Come were making entire careers sounding like Led Zeppelin.

Which is why *Outrider* sounds so stunning.

What we have here is the unmistakable return of Jimmy Page, all cylinders firing. In one foul swoop, he completely apologises for all that he's done in the '80s with a record that sees the old confidence and inventiveness and, yes, that arrogance. He uses his remarkable talents as player, arranger and producer to create a work of diverseness and power. He's a

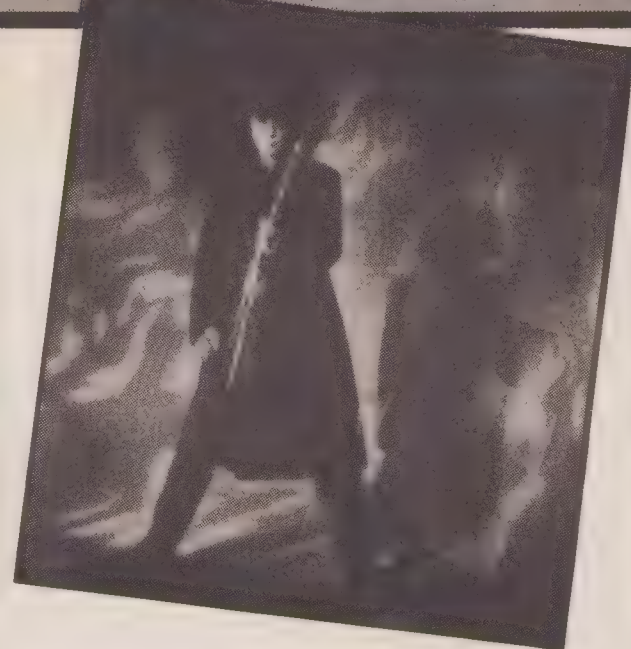
remarkable guitarist, in the way he can show off his trademark without sounding clichéd, rambling and self indulgent but able to take the listener along with him. He shows all the flair and thrust he showed in the Zep days, touching on a lot of their bases, but is adamant this is a Jimmy Page LP, not a cheap Zep cash-in.

The first two tracks "Wasting My Time" and "Wanna Make Love" are terrific, guitar blistering with the solid thump of Jason Bonham, with John Miles' hoarse blues shouting out front. The third track is an instrumental called "Writes Of Winter" before Robert Plant lopes in for a cheery "The Only One", trading off each others' loops, smiling as broadly as you'd expect them to. Another guitar showcase instrumental "Liquid Mercury" takes out the High Rev side.

Flip it over, and Page harks back to his blues beginnings, bringing in Chris Farlowe for some lovely blues singing on Leon Russell's "Hummingbird" and a seven-minute workout of "Prison Blues". Farlowe and Page are old friends, of course, digging the blues in the mid-60s as young school kids. Here they seem perfectly at home, giving each other space, even throwing in lines like "I got a weasel in my pocket!"

Elsewhere, the acoustic folk pickings shows the other side of Page, as important as the heavy decibel he's best known for. "Blues Anthem" and "Emerald Eyes" are acoustic simplicity, with production quirks and instrumentation touches building the atmosphere up, Page pulling off some of the best solos he's done in years.

Outrider is a fine album, important because of course it sees Page back on track at a time we need him to be. The LP also throws up a new star, Jason Bonham, who shows more inventiveness and oomph than his old man did at his age. Jason's quirky rhythms complement Page's own style so much they're



a delight to hear working together. The songs aren't monsters, which stops *Outrider* from being a great album.

But to me *Outrider* points to Page's future direction. Don't get me wrong, I'm not one of those 'aw golly gee, dad, why won't Led Zeppelin reform' type people. But listening to the LP, even despite Page's attempt to bring as much texture in the vocal department with the use of Miles and Farlowe, the simple truth is that Plant's voice and phrasing would have kicked this LP into the five-star category. Page has found his ultimate drummer, the laws of logic suggest he stop piss-farting around, call in his ultimate Voice and see what great music Led Zepps can now make.

— CHRISTIE ELIEZER



THE SMALL FACES Collection (Possum)

To me, the most complete pop record of the '60s was "Tin Soldier". Other songs epitomised rock and roll better, others more adventurous, and yet others changed the way a whole generation thought. But "Tin Soldier", which came from the pens of Steve Marriott and Ronnie Lane, captured everything — melody, drive, production tricks, imagination, even a bit of a softcore porn and drug illusions — within its three minute format. Twenty years after its release, it still sends a shiver up my spine.

"Tin Soldier" is included in this collection which includes the group's better known "It-chicoo Park" and "Lazy Sunday". It's a well rounded compilation which culls together their various periods — mod R&B pillheads ("Whatcha Gonna Do About It") — bubblegum poppers ("Hey Girl", "Sha La Lee") heavy rockers ("All Or Nothing", "Afterglow") — and arty experimentalists ("The Universal", "Ogden's Nut Gone Flake") etc. The exclusion of some vital tracks makes this far from being a definitive collection but it's a good intro to one of the best and charm-filled bands of the '60s and should hopefully encourage you to chase up their classic *Ogden's Nut Gone Flake* (1968) and copilation *Autumn Stone* (1972).

— CHRISTIE ELIEZER

STEVE WINWOOD

Roll With It
(Virgin)

His move from Island Records (with whom he'd been with for 24 years) to the hipper Virgin hasn't changed Steve Winwood's music. This is precisely the album you'd expect as a follow up to *Back In The High Life*.

After all his druggy records with Traffic, Winwood's solo records have been a delight because the man's had such a great perception about himself. Like a good craftsman, he knows his capabilities and works within them. The best thing about him, of course, has always been that great blues voice, and he's totally at ease when he puts it through the paces on the impressive "Don't You Know What The Night Can Do" and "One More Morning". It's CD territory, but Winwood's a survivor, and he's entitled to be working his market skilfully.

— MARK CROMELIN

BOHDAN X King Snake (Rampant)

If roadies are the world's best air musicians then disc jockeys are the rock stars of fantasyland. Bohdan is one of the few that bridge the gap from spinning discs to actually being on the record. It's taken him a long time and some of this stuff has not aged well.

Bohdan's greatest asset is his radio personality. On air he is compelling. Very little of this transfers to *King Snake*. The single "We Are Different" is fun, brash and has a wonderful nervous edge. Peter Lillie's "Taxi Driver" and "Application" have a strength of song structure that make them interesting. Bohdan also tackles Lou Reed's "Waiting For The Man". This version is good but lacks the grime of the original. The rest is filler and padding.

Bohdan's musical talents are hardly awesome. Here he has a few moments that work well and many that fail to spark. But how's this for an idea? The album title reminded me of Jim Morrison, the original Crawl'n' King Snake, who once released an album of poetry. Like Jim, Bohdan has a deep powerful speaking voice that would be perfect for that sort of thing.

— STEPHEN ANDREW

ROCKY HILL Rocky Hill (Virgin)

Rocky Hill plays the part of the loner with style. The down-beat chip on his shoulder can turn into a sweet-talking parrot at the flick of a guitar plectrum. All along, despite the myriad moods, this is a lone Hill on a landscape of countryish boogie or hermit-inspired folk. A guy, toting an edgy guitar and a lot of tough thoughts and looking for a provincial setting to expound on them.

Of the wilder, lushier outgrowths on this album, the stand-out pieces include the seminal rock and roll of "Hoo Doo Eyes" and the snakey, bass provocation of "Take My Love", a track with more legs than any ZZ Top slab of boogie.

Hills' gruff, 'never-heard-of-finishing-school' vocals are even more suited to the folksy ballads. The trampish narrative "Sam Bass" and the Creedence Clearwater styled swamp-jive "I Won't Be Your Fool" are epic battles between stylish melody and rugged guitar work. In the final wash the winner is the listener who likes his music technically precise, but crudely focused.

— ROBERT VELLA

STYLE COUNCIL Confessions Of A Pop Group (PolyGram)

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE
Tighten Up Vol '88 (CBS)

I've lumped these two together not simply because their key personnel used to make some of the most exciting music to come out of Britain. I mean, that'd be a bit stupid because that was ten years ago, and who'd expect musicians to remain that exciting for so long anyway?

No, both these LPs have a common theme — what a drag life is under the unsympathetic rule of Maggie Thatcher.

So OK, we can feel an affinity towards some of the observations and anecdotes, and it proves that, wow, Mick Jones and Paul Weller do have their hearts in the right places. But after tackling an issue that prom-

ises richness and intensity. Both records are too lacklustre to convince listeners to get up and do something about it.

Style Council in fact make theirs something of a 'concept'. Side One is "The Piano Paintings", the other is "Confessions Of A Pop Group". Set to a brassy funk background, some of the cuts like "It's A Very Deep Sea" and "Life At A Top Peoples Health Farm" stand out, but clearly, like the writers he's ripped off all these years (Townshend and Davies) Weller finds it difficult to stretch his ideas over two sides of a record. You end up with a humourless lacklustre



effort, and the feeling that despite his grandiose pretensions, his critics were always right, Weller is just a sad sack with a blunt axe to grind.

Tighten Up Vol '88 works the same ground. B.A.D. were a brave idea of fusion of reggae, rock, dub and electronics that didn't vome to fruition until "E = MC²". The problem with B.A.D. is they were too eager to take their message to the public, too willing to dilute the music to make it accessible. Once again, the songs lack the energy and adventure (and vision) to make some classic statement of life in Maggie's Farm. Rather they play safe (sounding quite tame compared to new sexual funk heroes like Red Hot Chili Peppers and Head), throwing in lots of half baked ideas with lots of bravado. The LP had promise but only "Other 99" seemed to justify it.

— SIMON MAYNARD

BOZ SCAGGS

Other Roads
(CBS)

Remember when Boz was "The Buzz"? Well now "The Buzz Is Back" (or so we're told). It has been eight years since Scaggs retired from music to open and run a restaurant in San Francisco. Mind you nobody really noticed his absence, the two albums that followed Silk Degrees were very lacklustre to say the least. One can only hope that the food he dished up to his patrons was more palatable.

For *Other Roads* the "Boz" has surround-

ed himself with a host of celebrated session musos and backing singers. He wrote or co-wrote seven of the ten tracks. "Heart Of Mine" is not one of those, so he can't really be blamed for this wimpy little piece of adult MOR. It is the weakest track and showing typical instinct and foresight, the record company has released it as the first single!!

The rest of the album leans towards a tougher funkier sound than Scaggs' previous work. Loads of percussion and good solid guitar work, complimented by keyboards are the order of the day, replacing the full-on horn section that so emphasised his sound in the '70s. He only drags the old horn section in for one number "Cool Running" and then only to add colour to the sound, as opposed to *dominating*.

"Claudia" is a mid-paced conversational type ballad, the type of song that Scaggs does so well, and combined with the lilting "The Night Of Van Gough" provide the LP's two best tracks. Boz is in fine voice throughout, displaying more vocal dexterity than ever before. Production and arrangements are of a high quality, as are the songs themselves.

All in all, quite a pleasing dish. Tastefully meaty, yet delicate, served with just the right combination of sauces and condiments. Now, anyone for dessert?

— NEIL O'DONNELL

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN Recurrence (Virgin)

The Railway Children take their sense of home with them wherever they go. A sense of warmth and security permeates their work even when they're at their most emotionally uncertain. This can do much to take you into their obsessive, introspective circle, but once there it's sometimes difficult to remember what it was that provoked you to go in the first place.

Recurrence is a work of intensity as opposed to the extensive explorations of *Reunion Wilderness*. Whilst the range might not be as great, the situations it presents are described with a complexity absent from previous songwriting efforts, but with increased complexity has come a decrease in variety, a shrinking of the impulse to dive into the undercurrents of diversity. There are, after all, only a finite number of things to say about a certain relationship.

The first loss to the Railway Children though, is a tension which motivated their early songs. It was created by the inward looking mood established by the lyrics, and the outgoing, optimism of the guitars. The edgy crispness of *Reunion* has been replaced by a shadowy uniformity; songs wash one into another, individual patterns become hard to distinguish under the grey covering of the production. *Recurrence* is a sustained stare into a mirror; it may look from different angles, but the face remains the same.

Still, the gentle unassuming manner of 'My Word', or 'In The Meantime' can wrap you in a half-light of doubt and longing, precisely and carefully articulated. This is a good record almost in spite of itself, saved by Gary Newby's talent for doing just enough to keep you interested of being restrained without being frigid. It may lack any emotional heart, a 'Brighter' where the opposing strains are reconciled in one seductive and insistent instant, but in its fading half-light of modest unsensationalised trauma's there is a consistent honesty. And that, I suppose, will have to do.

JOHN TAGUE

Confusing, but sexy(?)

SONIC YOUTH

Sonic Death (Blast First Import)

If confusion is sex, then I'm having a crazy time. This marvelously grubby-looking cassette has given me great listening pleasure, yet from an informant's perspective, it's majorly useless. It claims to be a recording of Sonic Youth live, bears a picture of crop-headed Sonic under whom the legend "EARLY SONIC" appears, and that's it. So even assuming this is a collection of early Sonic Youth live recordings, then don't look at me to tell you what the things are called.

However, those of a non-visual aspect will rejoice to learn that *Sonic Death* (which may be some Wings demos for all I know) really is very good. It represents the live astonishment of Sonic Youth quite accurately, the monstrous dribbling amps, the insect-type clang and clatter of drumsticks skittering about over strings, and the general sound of orchestrated collapse which for a few seconds you believe them to be making up as they go along until it switches direction and repeats some tortuously difficult rehearsal. This is clearly an earlier Sonic Youth, judging by the absence of pretty psychedelics and an occasional lack of delicacy.

The effect of the thoughtfully-provided editing, which throws in the odd jump-cut and wisely removes the audience, is rather like the more worrying moments on The Monkees *Head* soundtrack, itself an exercise in trained noise. The effect of the stuff in between the edits is generally breath-taking; no other band seem able to charge down a set of notes, and without pausing head off into some other gang of sounds. And to do this while pretending to be French is a remarkable achievement. Admittedly, there's only a *brief* moment of pretending to be French, but it's *le vrai chose*, all right.

I can only loudly recommend that you buy this marvellous artefact which quite *probably* is a collection of early live Sonic Youth and very definitely is still the best noises in town. Confusing, but sexy.

David Quantick



GODLEY & CREME

Goodbye Blue Sky (Polygram)

Since leaving 10CC to pursue their solo career then years ago, Godley and Creme, long acknowledged as the creative force behind the band, have failed to recreate the glory of their former success. What they have established whether it be in their role as musicians or video clip directors, is a solid gold reputation for being two of the most intrinsically, talented people in the business today, who are more concerned with innovation and art than popular acceptance.

Goodbye Blue Sky continues their progression into the area of soul music. They have gathered around them the vocal trio of Jimmy Chambers, Jimmy Helms and George Chandler, and draw heavily on the traditional use of background vocals and harmonies always evident in this musical form. The pleasant change here though is the use of the harmonica as the lead instrument. Where one would expect a guitar or keyboard break, these instruments have been replaced by the humble old mouth harp, expertly played by Mark Feltham and Mitt Gamon.

From the first single, the salsa flavoured "A Little Piece Of Heaven" to the more rocky "The Big Bang", through the Pop flavoured "One Golden Ring", the album continues to surprise and delight with its diversity.

Recorded and mixed "on an old 16 track at home" the production is immaculate and tight, and for anybody that enjoys good music, presented with a self effacing sense of humour, this album is certainly worth recommending.

NEIL O'DONNELL

FICTION ROMANCE

Marching Orders (Method)

This is like a garden salad after a week of fast food; crisp, fresh, tasty and rich in its homemade simplicity. This is a strong band. On top of some fine playing the twin vocals of Prue Rhuben and Tracy Allen give Fiction Romance a defined musical identity. A lot of work has gone into the form and arrangement of each track and even though it has been recorded over a four year period the album holds together well.

The band play intelligent, restrained pop music. They are at their best when they take risks and tinker with and expand the standard pop forms. Like the older, extended pieces on side two, "Never Give Up", "If You Believe In Love" and "Paradise Sacred Trust/All Of This Is New". Here the band put their groove into the stretched spaces of the music and create wonderful tension. Even when the playing is busy, it is never cluttered. The more traditional pop numbers are full of subtle hooks. The melody lines, often in the form of dual female lead, are rich, full and catchy. "Love On The Ground", "Eternal Dance" and "Troubled World" would all make fine singles.

Fiction Romance are an interesting band because they are not afraid to experiment within the boundaries of pop.

The lyrics, playing and presentation are well thought out and the band seem more weary of playing it safe than making mistakes. An admiral attitude backed up with some fine music.

— STEPHEN ANDREW

GIANT SAND

Storm (Demon Import)

Howe Gelb is an awkward sonofabitch. He's one of those small-town loud mouths who wouldn't know how to keep his gob shut if a shotgun were poking down his throat (eh? Ed). This, you understand, is a Good Thing: Gelb has peered out of his deserted, tequila-drenched den and decided America is one bum place to be.

Storm doesn't settle comfortably into the armchair of stereotyped descriptions that most country-influenced music sits in. It's not Country Rock, it's nowhere near Country & Western, and it certainly isn't the return of redneck rhythms that is New Country. It's a windswept, lonely record — its vision is red-rimmed and sun-dazzled and its edges are as cracked and sharp as broken Coke bottles. It sizzles like a cockroach burning up under the lens of a magnifying glass.

'Uneven Light Of Day' is a bitter declaration of intent, a condemnation of the institutions, people and attitudes who have caused the hole in the ozone layer, "the hole in the sky... as wide as this nation." And it's the hole behind the American lifestyle that Gelb is so determined to point out, the vacuousness of the Guitars, Cadillacs etc culture that has littered the country with MacDonalds cartons and skin cancers, right-wing politics and self-righteousness. All are guilty, especially country singers, and Gelb has enough vitriol to corrode even Nancy Reagan's smile.

But this isn't just an Angry Young Green mouthing off. All the tokens, all the symbols the USA holds dear, are torn down, trampled on, exposed as superficial, tawdry deceptions, from the democratic process to MTV to American history. You want history? he demands, in 'Where No Town Belongs', *Let's have a look/took?* Hardly the stuff of school text-books.

This is anarchism in a cowboy hat, a loud, opinionated piece of sustrained ire: poetic, articulate and caustic. Gelb comes across like a fried Billy Bragg who's seen not the car plant of Dagenham, but the mean hypocrisy of small town American life.

— JOHN TAGUE

LIVING COLOUR

Vivid (Epic/CBS)

The key point comes when Corey Glover throws his head back in 'Desperate People' and screams like Robert Plant. The automatic comment, when Living Colour have burst into a writer's confused consciousness, is to go for that easiest of comparisons, Hendrix. The only black rocker to date.

But most of LC's baffling, brilliant charge is that they've set themselves up

as the black Led Zeppelin. A bundle of contradictions embodied in one mobile four-man unit, about to change things forever.

Because the contradictions aren't just those of colour — four young black men deep-dyed in a 'white' blues sound — but one of age, one of attitude, one of 'rock values'.

LC span a range of rock-play from Robert Johnson and Ike Turner, past Otis Redding singing 'Satisfaction' and 'There's A Riot Goin' On', through to Joy Division, Sonic Youth and Public Enemy.

You can't play through a sound history like this at the cartoonish speed they do and not find more effective perspectives than in any of the deliberate, desperate narrowness of their contemporaries (black and white).

Acknowledging that age exists means reclaiming Zeppelin's expressive momentum, and that means taking back on board sounds that even metal heads haven't taken seriously. Punk has so built itself up as some spurious rebirth that its prehistory has been forced into silence... and with it the only moments when black and white rock co-existed. Living Colour's aim is that rebirth of possibilities.

Does it work? Some people are already turning away, amused or alarmed at what they hear. That's to be expected: the music in *Vivid* asks harder questions than we really quite know how to answer.

It's easier to mock, or else to take lazy pleasure in Vernon Reid's blazing multi-style playing, or Will Calhoun's and Muzz Skilling's hyperfunk battering. He's a futurist bluesman, rather than a technician — guitar as an alien hate-lament, in the Blood Ulmer mode, but broader, less fanatical — and they work their shuddering post-Defunkt rhythm out towards a kind of cut-up speed-metal go go.

But there's more going on. Something of the disorientation that lurched out of John McKay's guitar when the Banshees first proved that 'rock' wasn't a matter of borrowed R&B riffs, for example. A matter of transformation that transcends the specifics of the sound.

Perhaps that's a polite way of saying the record doesn't carry LC's full live weight: the apparent rock-orthodoxy of side one will take some getting used to, for Brit post-punkers. Side two, opening with 'Funny Vibe', and including a *motorik* metal cover of Talking Heads' 'Memories', is more attractively slurred, enigmatic and frantic by turns.

Living Colour's seriousness is upfront. Reid's Black Rock Coalition is a straightforward political grouping with unambiguous aims, and his song-writing matches that, laying questions and confrontations down direct.

But the group's art-threat runs deeper, and their sound is shot through with ideas of mocked edges, double-tracking, ironies, use and abuse of styles.

Vivid is a record that occasionally smashes up through your body into your thoughts, and from moment to moment lives up, simultaneously, to the pinhead directness of Zeppelin and the total Texas-New Yorker strangeness of Ornette Coleman's Prime Time.

MARK SINKER

SINGLES

EDITED BY MARA SMARRELLI

UPS AND DOWNS

Lit By The Fuse (Mushroom)

At last the brand new single from the sparkling Ups & Downs. Previous records have always won me over and this one is no disappointment. "Lit By The Fuse" is a brilliant pop combination of lovely ringing guitars, tempo and melody. Greg Atkinson is sounding better than ever. Expect to see these guys around for some time.



STEVE HOY

Where I Come From (Mighty Boy)

A re-mixed version of the song taken from Hoy's mini album of '87 Possession. A country — hobo feel about this one, the touch of pedal-steel is nice to. And you realise just how Hoy can really sing when listening to the b-side, recorded especially for the single. Has a touch of Cougar-Mellencamp about it.

BRYAN FERRY

Limbo (Virgin)

You know, I don't mind this guy sometimes, even with all the romance about him. This single comes with 2 mixes of the same song — the Latin and Brooklyn mix already! Both versions are slick, programmed and dreamy. So what else is new?

TAYLOR DAYNE

Prove Your Love (Arista)

A big mama of a sound here. Sort of a robust Madonna with a nasty guitar solo. This'll be big at the Chevron for sure! Taken from Dayne's album Tell It To My Heart.



13 AT MIDNIGHT

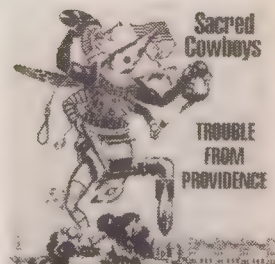
She Sells Sanctuary (Cleopatra)

A cover of The Cult's anthem from this Melbourne pub band. Naturally enough after hearing The Cult's version I kinda think any band covering that hit would have a mega job ahead of them. 13 At Midnight's rendition could have been helped along with gruffer and dirtier vocals that mean what they sing. A little light weight.

HUNTERS AND COLLECTORS

Back On The Breadline (White)

As usual H & C come up with a song full of heart. As they've show with previous releases they have the ability to take listeners along on their songs. Precision guitars, chunky vocals, and their usual dose of brass.



SACRED COWBOYS

Trouble From Providence (Citadel)

Awesome come back single for the Sacred Cowboys after several years away from recording and the live scene. This one shouldn't scare the mainstream off even though it still has that razor edge. Produced by the band's guitarists Mark Ferrie and Terry Doolan.

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL

I Always Was You Girl (WEA)

Never really took to this band but this single isn't too bad for the slow motioned thing that it is. Taken from their current album Idlewild. A pretty enough lerv song sung with conviction written by the snostress herself, Tracy Thorn. If you're on a David Sylvian wavelength you'll like this one.



CHEAP TRICK

Don't Be Cruel (CBS)

Oh what? Cheap Trick go rockabilly on this Elvis number. I want stuff like "Dream Police". Still, the song's a classic and Cheap Trick do it justice.

THREE O'CLOCK

Love Explosion (Paisley Park)

Pretty well lives up to its title. A guitar pop number that's a burst of guitars, programming, precision drumming and lots of backing vocals. Not bad.

CHANTOOZIES

Wanna Be Up (Mushroom)

In these days of the Bananarama hit factory, there's no reason why a bona fide band like our own Chantoozies (who play better music anyway) shouldn't get a look in. An eminently commercial and likeable song with a gutsy vocal by Ally.

sam brown



SAM BROWN

Walking Back To Me (A & M)

Judging from the sleeve, Ms Brown wants to be seen as a fun-person singer, young and alive ready to offer us a new brand of fun pop/rock (don't they all). Alas, something doesn't quite gel. She gives her all, but the song's as a plodder and the energy on the sleeve doesn't translate into vinyl kilojoules.

VIDEOS...VIDEOS...

Chuck Berry: Hail! Hail! Rock'n'Roll



Starring: Chuck Berry, Keith Richards, Eric Clapton, Julian Lennon, Linda Ronstadt, Etta James, Robert Cray.
(CIC-Taft)

Nearly 50 years ago, Chuck Berry went along to the historic Fox Theatre with friends to see *A Tale Of Two Cities*. He was refused admission because he was black.

Five decades later, Chuck Berry celebrated his 60th birthday by returning to the same theatre in his hometown of St Louis, and performing his long list of classics including 'Maybellene', 'Roll Over Beethoven', 'Johnny B Goode', and 'Sweet Little Sixteen'.

Hail! Hail! Rock'n'Roll is a wonderful tribute to a man whose musical renditions have inspired a legion of admirers and imitators around the world. The film features performances by Eric Clapton, Robert Cray, Julian Lennon, Keith Richards and Linda Ronstadt.

Apart from the music, footage from the rehearsals and interviews with music greats such as Berry himself, Bruce Springsteen, Eric Clapton, Bo Diddley plus a host of others interwoven to produce an intelligent insight into the rock legend.

Also shown is 'Berry Park', a combination of country-club and amusement park, complete with a guitar-shaped swimming pool and recording studio.

Hail! Hail! is an informative two hours of entertainment about a man who could easily be hailed as the father-founder of rock'n'roll. A worthwhile addition to your music library.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

Proud Men

Starring: Charlton Heston, Peter Strauss, Nan Martin

(Palace)

A proud cattle rancher struggling to maintain the values of the Old West, faces the homecoming of his only son, a Vietnam War deserter, after an absence of 15 years. Their differences and eventual reconciliation re-affirm the spirit and courage of the new West.

If the above isn't enough to put you off your dinner — read on.

Both men come to realise that in order to love someone, you must understand their differences. Charley now understands that the Vietnam War was not the same as his war...

I'm sorry, but I just cannot go on. To give you more details of the feeble plot in this film is more than I can bear.

The film is basically a western which introduces the drama of the Vietnam War to capture a larger audience. The idea fails miserably, and whilst the cast may have ridden over the windswept plains and off into the sunset, the viewer could not be blamed for riding back to the video shop and demanding a refund.

The cast includes poor old Charlton Heston,



who has to pick up his double chins and tuck them into his shirt before galloping into the distance these days, which is a shame, as in his day his credits included such classics as *Ben Hur* and *The Greatest Story Ever Told*.

All I can say for this schmalz is it's the worst story every told.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

FILMS...FILMS...FI

New Basinger, Aykroyd film...

The Weintraub Entertainment Group currently has four films in production in Los Angeles. The first is *My Stepmother Is An Alien*, which stars Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger, with Richard Benjamin directing. Another comedy is *Daddy's Little Girl*, in which Tony Danza plays a widower trying to steer his teenage daughter through her first season of dating.



● *"Wall Street"*, starring Michael Douglas and Charlie Sheen (pictured above) was directed by Oliver Stone. Stone is currently working on the long-awaited film version of *"Evita"*.

Douglas Day Stewart, who wrote *An Officer And A Gentleman*, has written and is directing *Mismatch*, about an underdog debating team from a very small college. The cast includes Frank Zappa's daughter Moon and Quinn Cummings.

The fourth is *Be Prepared*, in which Shelley Long plays the leader of her daughter's girl scout group.

They'll soon start production on the film version of *Evita*, which is to be directed by Oliver Stone (*Platoon*, *Wall Street*). Stone has recently returned from Argentina, where he obtained permission to use all the actual locations, including the balcony where Eva Peron used to speak.

Weintraub is also to make a film version of the old TV series, *The Avengers* with Australian-based American actor Mel Gibson in the lead role, made famous on TV by Patrick Macnee.

Of the recently completed Weintraub features, *Fresh Horses*, a drama based on a play and featuring Molly Ringwald is soon to be released, along with *The Gods Must Be Crazy — Part 11*, the sequel to the cult favourite by South African filmmaker Jamie Uys.

★ ★ ★

Performers included on the soundtrack of *Dirty Dancing* are cashing in on the runaway success of the film, by mounting a joint American tour under the banner *Dirty Dancing — The Concert Tour*.

The tour features Bill Medley, Eric Carmen, The Contours, Merry Clayton and a troupe known as The Dirty Dancers.

Each act has 20 minutes to perform a set. Merry Clayton is first, singing "Will You Love Me Tomorrow" and "Steamroller Blues". The Contours feature "Do You Love Me?", Carmen contributes "Hungry Eyes" and Bill Medley sings "I've Had The Time Of My Life" solo.

Medley nods to his Righteous Brothers days by performing "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" and also sing "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother", a cover version he's contributed to the soundtrack of *Rambo 111*.

★ ★ ★

Olivia Newton John's husband Matt Lattanzi co-stars in a new film based on Fats Domino's hit, *Blueberry Hill*.

The film, to be released later this year by MGM, stars Jennifer Rubin (most recently seen in *Bad Dreams*), with support from Carrie Snodgrass.

The film is described as a coming-of-age flick, and will feature music by Little Richard, Bo Diddley and the Del-Vikings, as well as Fats Domino's title track hit.

Director is Strath Hamilton, an expatriate Australian who's been living in the US for the past 10 years.

★ ★ ★

Sylvester Stallone's ex-wife Brigitte Nielsen has started work on her new film *Domino*, in Rome.

Produced by Gianni DiClemente, the film co-stars Stephane Ferrara and Pascal Druant... Beau Bridges is playing the lead in director John Coles' new feature, *One For Sorrow*, *Two For Joy*, which is currently shooting in Maine... Cheers star Ted Danson and Isabella Rossellini are in Vancouver working on a film called *Cousins*. It's based on the 1975 film *Cousin Cousine*... Mr Mum star Michael Keaton has started work on *The Dream Team*, in which he stars with Christopher Lloyd. The film's being shot in Toronto.

Next month, Patrick Swayze starts work on *Next Of Kin* in Chicago... Jessica Lange is gearing up for her leading role in Paul Brickman's new film *Men Don't Leave*, which is based on Moshe Mizrahi's 1981 film, *La Vie Continue*... Matthew Modine, Jennifer Beals and Faye Dunaway head for Rome next week to co-star in *The Match*, a new film based on the novel by Alberto Ongaro.

Country star Kris Kristofferson has the male lead opposite JoBeth Williams in *Passage*, scheduled to start production in Canada in August... Weird Al Yankovic will star in a film called *UHF*, for which he co-wrote the screenplay... Dom DeLuise co-stars with Dan Aykroyd and Gene Hackman in *The Von Metz Incident*, which starts rolling in North Carolina in about a fortnight.

★ ★ ★

A new film version of William Golding's classic novel, *Lord Of The Flies* gets underway in the Caribbean in mid-August.

The film, to be made from a script by Jay Presson Allen, will be produced by Ross Milloy and directed by Harry Hook on a budget of \$8 million.

Lord Of The Flies will be executive produced by Lewis Allen, who owns the rights to the book and the original 1961 screen version.

The original, filmed in black and white in Great Britain, starred James Aubrey, Tom Chapin and Hugh Edwards.

WORDS...ROCKWORDS...WORDS...ROC

A O B U B R A N I G A N Y R
E S X Z O E A D K Z U F O Z
W I L L I S R T E I A A O A
I G E O Q A N O E E C A W J
R B A L H G E L L I V W U U
B N Q C G S P H P Z E Q B O
W I I W U R S Q H E E I E O
E R C C U C H T E Z M U I Q
Q K R P A F D E G R E E S G
E A C G A T E I D O L K J A
M S G O Y A I T F P Z Z Z A
T S C L I F T O N L I O O U
W O Q O C G S A N T A N A Z
E R Q O E M R A G F F P H L

All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc) and the first three correct entries received will win a six-month subscription to Juke. NB Current subscription holders are ineligible.

1. Rod (surname?), band manager of Cold Chisel has revealed that the group has been offered \$A4 million to reform for a month of live shows in Australia and New Zealand.

2. Boz (surname?), has broken an eight-year silence with a new LP, "Other Roads" and will return to touring next month.

3. "Nobody's Perfect", the much talked about double live album by Deep (group's second name?) will be released here shortly by Polygram.

4. Laura (surname?), is under fire from the anti-apartheid movement for agreeing to play South Africa's notorious Sun City.

5. Boz Scaggs had one of the biggest albums in the '70s called Silk (second name?), which sold more than six million worldwide.

6. R&B/jazz bassist (christian name?) Miller, who has toured in the past with Miles Davis and Luther Vandross, worked on "Other Roads" with Boz Scaggs.

7. Billy (surname?) is currently assembling a new band to make a new studio record.

8. Little (second name?) has scored himself the role of a nightclub host in a new US series called "The Colors Of Success".

9. Perth band Surface Tension are looking for a singer since Ben (surname?), has become a folk-singer.

10. Carlos (surname?), a sax player Wayne Shorter are tee-ing up for a US and European tour.

Last weeks answers:

Anderson
Brown
Divinyls
Knopfler
Midnight
Morris
Presley
Pseudo
Solicitors
Straits

B R B P I Y H M L N Q I I C
I R V A P U A C E K I X X U
X G M D R O I Y O N A S U O
J O A Q E D J Q I O S L U A
S E E O S U E E Y P T V E N
E T O O L E E M Z F R N Z O
W X R M E S G I E L A I O S
E T A R Y V E D C E I V U R
K O R Z O F E N J U T I N E
G I R G E M Q I M Y S O H D
E J A O Q A K G A F R O B N
E R S E W B Y H E S E E A A
X S U I V N E T G O T E L H
F G S O L I C I T O R S S P

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Stu Coleman (London)

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OZ

CHARTS

SINGLES

- 1 - GOT TO BE CERTAIN, Kylie Minogue Festival
- 2 1 WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD, Louis Armstrong Festival
- 3 2 THE FLAME, Cheap Trick CBS
- 4 - BETTER BE HOME SOON, Crowded House EMI
- 5 5 I WANT YOU BACK, Bananarama Liberation/CBS
- 6 3 BLUE MONDAY, New Order Volition/CBS
- 7 10 FAST CAR, Tracy Chapman WEA
- 8 7 DOCK OF THE BAR, Michael Bolton CBS
- 9 4 PINK CADILLAC, Natalie Cole EMI
- 10 11 WHEN WILL I BE FAMOUS, Bros CBS
- 11 9 I SAW HIM STANDING THERE, Tiffany WEA
- 12 6 NEW SENSATION, INXS WEA
- 13 14 DROP THE BOY, Bros CBS
- 14 12 LOVE IS A BRIDGE, Little River Band WEA
- 15 13 COULD'VE BEEN, Tiffany WEA
- 16 - UNDERNEATH THE RADAR, Underworld WEA
- 17 20 TELL IT TO MY HEART, Taylor Dayne BMG/RCA
- 18 8 GET OUT OF MY DREAMS, GET INTO MY CAR, Billy Ocean Liberation/CBS
- 19 25 WANNA BE UP, Chantoozies Mushroom/Festival
- 20 - TOGETHER FOREVER, Rick Astley BMG/RCA
- 21 15 BREAKAWAY, Big Pig Mushroom/Festival
- 22 18 WONDERFUL LIFE, Black Festival
- 23 22 BITTER TEARS, Venetians Festival
- 24 23 THE VALLEY ROAD, Bruce Hornsby & The Range BMG/RCA
- 25 21 DIRTY DIANA, Michael Jackson CBS

ALBUMS

- 1 2 WOW, Bananarama Liberation/CBS
- 2 7 TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman WEA
- 3 - '88 KIX ON, Various Artists PolyGram
- 4 3 TOUR OF DUTY TV Soundtrack CBS
- 5 4 GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, Original Soundtrack Festival
- 6 16 TIFFANY, Tiffany WEA
- 7 14 PUSH, Bros CBS
- 8 5 INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Araby CBS
- 9 6 STRINGER, Kate Ceberano & Wendy Mathews Festival
- 10 - OU812, Van Halen WEA
- 11 9 BONK, Big Pig Mushroom/Festival
- 12 1 HIGHER GROUND, John Denver BMG/RCA
- 13 18 WHENEVER YOU NEED SOMEBODY, Rick Astley BMG/RCA
- 14 13 THE LONESOME JUBILEE, John Cougar Mellencamp Polygram
- 15 15 BIG BAD NOISE, Choirboys Mushroom/Festival
- 16 - HIT PIX '88 VOL. 2, Various Artists EMI
- 17 8 LOVESEXY, Prince WEA
- 18 12 SCENES FROM THE SOUTH SIDE, Bruce Hornsby & The Range BMG/RCA
- 19 10 TALES OF THE CITY, Rockmelons Truestone/EMI
- 20 11 MONSOON, Little River band WEA
- 21 22 TEMPERAMENTAL, Divinyls Festival
- 22 23 MAN OF COLOURS, Icehouse Regular/Festival
- 23 25 CHER, Cher WEA
- 24 19 LOVE IS STRANGER THAN PRIDE, Sade CBS
- 25 24 KICK, INXS WEA

ALTERNATIVELY

SINGLES

- 1 TOWERS OF STRENGTH, Died Pretty Blue Mosque
- 2 WHEN THERE'S THIS PARTY, Ed Kuepper True Tone
- 3 TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys Citadel
- 4 THE MERCY SEAT, Nick Cave Mute
- 5 JENNY'S WAKE, Tribolites Waterfront
- 6 JOHN BONHAM'S COKE ROADIE, This Is Serious Mum Elvis
- 7 FEAR, Exploding White Mice Greasy Record Co
- 8 DON'T MOVE TOO FAR, Happy Hate Me Nots Waterfront
- 9 FIREBALL OF LOVE, The Dubrovniks Citadel
- 10 VOLATILE, Lime Spiders Virgin
- 11 LIT BY THE FUSE, Ups And Downs Mushroom
- 12 SWIM TO SHORE, Hummingbirds Phantom
- 13 BACK ON THE BREADLINE, Hunters & Collectors White
- 14 LOOKING FORWARD TO DESTROY, Mad Turks From Istanbul Greasy Record Co
- 15 NO WARNING, Toys Went Berserk Aberrant
- 16 YOU NEVER LOOK, Whipper Snappers Green Fez
- 17 TILTING AT WINDMILLS, Wedding Parties Anything WEA
- 18 FINAL ASSAULT, The Rocks Waterfront
- 19 WET BLANKET, The Chills Flying Nun
- 20 TOP END KILER, King Snake Roost Aberrant
- 21 EVERYDAY IS LIKE SUNDAY, Morrissey HMV/EMI
- 22 STAY, The Saints Mushroom
- 23 DANCING BAREFOOT, Celibate Rifles Hot
- 24 WORLD UPSIDE DOWN, Love Gone Wrog Mighty Boy
- 25 DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO THE WINDOW, Paul Kelly & The Coloured Girls Mushroom

ALBUMS

- 1 THE NOT SO LUCKY COUNTRY, Various Artists Reactor
- 2 HARD TO BEAT, Various Artists Au Go Go
- 3 LOST, Died Pretty Blue Mosque
- 4 EVERYBODY'S GOT TO, Ed Kuepper True Tone
- 5 HINDSIGHT, The Church EMI
- 6 VOLATILE, Lime Spiders Virgin
- 7 THE ENERGETIC COOL, Bachelors From Prague 3333
- 8 ROARING DAYS, Wedding Parties Anything WEA
- 9 RAMONES MANIA, The Ramones WEA
- 10 BARBED WIRE KISSES, Jesus & Mary Chain WEA
- 11 SHADOWLAND, K. D. Laing WEA
- 12 LIFE'S TOO GOOD, Sugarcubes One Little Indian
- 13 '78 - '82, Hitmen Survival
- 14 HAIRWAY TO STEVEN, Butthole Surfers Au Go Go
- 15 PRE DEITY, Died Pretty Citadel
- 16 LONELY MR HAPPY, Deadly Hume Phantom
- 17 COOPER S, Feedtime Aberrant
- 18 DEAD & BURIED, The Oppressed Oil
- 19 GODDESS, The Honeys Waterfront
- 20 BOTTLE MAN'S WIFE, Widdershins Waterfront
- 21 WIGWORLD, Damien Lovelock Hot
- 22 LABYRINTH, The Moffs Citadel
- 23 I AM CURIOUS, Curious Yellow Red Eye
- 24 HOT SNAPPER PIE, Seminal Rats Mr Spaceman
- 25 ROSE, The 1sts Greasy Pop

● Compiled with the assistance of Polyester, Red Eye, Da Da, Umbrella, and Jetts (Independent Sales) Records.

Metal

1. NO PLACE FOR DISGRACE, Flotsam & Jetsam (Roadrunner)
2. TRICK OR TREAT SOUNDTRACK, Fastway (CBS)
3. RAM IT DOWN, Judas Priest (CBS)
4. THEM, King Diamond (Roadrunner)
5. ALL SYSTEMS GO, Vinnie Vincent Invasion (Festival)
6. SO FAR, SO GOOD, SO WHAT, Megadeth (EMI)
7. LET US PREY, Nothing Sacred (Cleopatra)
8. THE NEW ORDER, Testament (Megaforce)
9. ODYSSEY, Yngwie J. Malmsteen's Rising Force (PolyGram)
10. HOUSE OF DEATH, Hobbs Angel Of Death (Steamhammer)

● Courtesy Metal For Melbourne Records

Clubland

- 1 POP MUSIK, All Systems Go
- 2 ALL OF ME, Sabrina
- 3 DOCTORIN' THE TARDIS, Timelords
- 4 THE TWIST, Fatboys & Chubby Checker
- 5 IN MY DREAMS, Will Downing
- 6 ROCK STEADY, Sue Ann
- 7 HEAT IT UP, Wee Papa Girl Rappers
- 8 OH WHAT A NIGHT REMIX, Four Seasons
- 9 CHECK THIS OUT, L.A. Mix
- 10 BEST OF MY LOVE, Dee Lewis

● Courtesy Central Station Records, Melbourne

Videos

- 1 THE RUNNING MANN (Roadshow)
- 2 INNER SPACE (Warner)
- 3 ROBO COP (RCA Columbia)
- 4 PROJECT X (CBS-Fox)
- 5 BORN IN EAST L.A. (CIC-Taft)
- 6 THE LOST BOYS (Warner)
- 7 EVIL DEAD 2 (CBS-Fox)
- 8 NO WAY OUT (RCA-Columbia)
- 9 THE TIME GUARDIAN (Filmpac)
- 10 THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK (Warner)

● Courtesy Movieland



• The Four Seasons are back in the charts with a remixed version of their seventies' hit, "Oh What A Night!"

CHARTS

USA

SINGLES

1	3	DIRTY DIANA, Michael Jackson	Epic
2	1	FOOLISH BEAT, Debbie Gibson	Atlantic
3	7	THE FLAME, Cheap Trick	Epic
4	4	MAKE IT REAL, The Jets	MCA
5	6	THE VALLEY ROAD, Bruce Hornsby & The Range	RCA
6	14	POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME, Def Leppard	Mercury
7	10	MERCEDES BOY, Pebbles	MCA
8	2	TOGETHER FOREVER, Rick Astley	RCA
9	12	NITE AND DAY, Al B. Sure!	Uptown
10	9	ALPHABET ST., Prince	Paisley Park
11	5	ONE MORE TRY, George Michael	Columbia
12	17	NEW SENSATION, INXS	Atlantic
13	13	NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME, Poison	Enigma
14	15	I STILL BELIEVE, Brenda K. Starr	MCA
15	20	HOLD ON TO THE NIGHT, Richard Marx	EMI
16	8	CIRCLE IN THE SAND, Belinda Carlisle	MCA
17	21	RUSH HOUR, Jane Wiedlin	EMI
18	23	HANDS TO HEAVEN, Breathe	A&M
19	22	LOST IN YOU, Rod Stewart	W.E.A.
20	—	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin
21	24	SIGN YOUR NAME, Terence Trent D'Arby	Columbia
22	25	MAKE ME LOSE CONTROL, Eric Carmen	Arista
23	16	KISS ME DEADLEY, Lita Ford	Dreamland
24	11	EVERYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES, Hall & Oates	Arista
25	—	PARADISE, Sade	Epic

ALBUMS

1	1	OU812, Van Halen	Warner Bros.
2	2	FAITH, George Michael	Columbia
3	3	OPEN UP AND SAY AHH!, Poison	Enigma
4	6	STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade	Epic
5	5	DIRTY DANCING, Original Soundtrack	RCA
6	4	TOUGHER THAN LEATHER, Run D.M.C.	Profile
7	8	SCENES FROM THE SOUTHSIDE, Bruce Hornsby & The Range	RCA
8	7	LOVESEX, Prince	Paisley Park
9	14	HYSTERIA, Def Leppard	Mercury
10	13	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses	Geffen
11	9	INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby	Columbia
12	12	NOW AND ZEN, Robert Plant	EsParanza
13	16	TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman	Elektra
14	10	SAVAGE AMUSEMENT, Scorpions	Mercury
15	11	BAD, Michael Jackson	Epic
16	15	LET IT LOOSE, Gloria Estefan & Miamia Sound Machine	Epic
17	17	DIESEL AND DUST, Midnight Oil	Columbia
18	18	PEBBLES, Pebbles	MCA
19	20	MORE DIRTY DANCING, Original Soundtrack	RCA
20	—	IN EFFECT MODE, Al B. Sure!	Uptown
21	21	KICK, INXS	Atlantic
22	23	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	Epic
23	19	MAKE IT LAST FOREVER, Keith Sweat	Elektra
24	22	CONCIOUS PARTY, Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers	Virgin
25	—	HE'S THE DJ, I'M THE RAPPER, DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince	Jive

UK

SINGLES

1	1	I OWE YOU NOTHING, Bros	CBS
2	7	THE TWIST (YO TWIST), Fat Boys & Chubby Checker	Urban
3	3	BOYS, Sabrina	Ibiza
4	9	TRIBUTE (RIGHT ON) Pasadenas	CBS
5	14	IN THE ALL TONIGHT '88, Phil Collins	Virgin
6	2	DOCTORIN' THE TARDIS, Timelords	KLF
7	21	BREAKFAST IN BED, UB40 with Chrissie Hynde	DEP Int.
8	5	WILD WORLD, Maxi Priest	10
9	4	VOYAGE VOYAGE, Desireless	CBS
10	—	PUSH IT/TRAMP, Salt 'n' Pepa	London/Champion
11	24	TOUGHER THAN THE REST, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
12	8	CHAINS OF LOVE, Erasure	Mute
13	—	NOTHING'S GONNA CHANGE MY LOVE FOR YOU, Glenn Medeiros	Glenn
14	—	FAST CAR, Tracy Chapman	London
15	16	CAR WASH/IS IT LOVE YOU'RE AFTER, Rose Royce	Elektra
16	6	WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS, Wet Wet Wet	MCA
17	17	YOU HAVE PLACED A CHILL IN MY HEART, Eurythmics	Childline
18	15	DON'T BLAME IT ON THAT GIRL, Matt Bianco	RCA
19	10	EVERY DAY IS LIKE SUNDAY, Morrissey	WEA
20	—	MAYBE (WE SHOULD CALL IT A DAY), Hazell Dean	HMV
21	11	GOT TO BE CERTAIN, Kylie Minogue	EMI
22	—	THERE'S MORE TO LOVE, Communards	PWL
23	—	I WILL BE WITH YOU, T'Pau	London
24	12	SOMEWHERE IN MY HEART, Aztec Camera	Siren
25	19	DON'T CALL ME BABY, Voice Of The Beehive	WEA

ALBUMS

1	8	TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman	Elektra
2	1	NITELIFE, Various Artists	CBS
3	2	TANGO IN THE NIGHT, Fleetwood Mac	W. Bros.
4	6	PUSH, Bros	CBS
5	—	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Virgin
6	10	WHITNEY, Whitney Houston	Arista
7	7	DIRTY DANCING, Original Soundtrack	RCA
8	5	HEAVEN ON EARTH, Belinda Carlisle	Virgin
9	—	IDOL SONGS — 11 OF THE BEST, Billy Idol	Chrysalis
10	12	STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade	Epic
11	11	POPPED IN SOUL OUT, Wet Wet Wet	Precious Org.
12	4	MOTOWN DANCE PARTY, Various Artists	Motown
13	3	PEOPLE, Hothouse Flowers	London
14	13	THE HITS OF HOUSE ARE HERE, Various Artists	K-tel
15	9	PROVISION, Scritti Politti	Virgin
16	17	MORE DIRTY DANCING, Original Soundtrack	RCA
17	—	BROTHERS IN ARMS, Dire Straits	Vertigo
18	—	ACTUALLY, Pet Shop Boys	Parlophone
19	—	LET IT BE, Voice Of The Beehive	London
20	15	THE INNOCENTS, Erasure	Mute
21	16	LOVE, Aztec Camera	W. Bros.
22	14	EVERYTHING, Climie Fisher	EMI
23	—	SUR LA MER, Moody Blues	Polydor
24	—	JACK MIX IN FULL EFFECT, Mirage	Stylus
25	24	FAITH, George Michael	Epic

OUT!!

this week

Vinyl

Singles

JOHN FARNHAM	Age of Reason (7" & 12")	SWIMMING WITH SHARKS	Careless Love (7" & 12")	EDDY GRANT	Harmless Piece Of Fun (7" & 12")
BUSTER POINDEXTER	Oh Me Oh My	DEBBI GIBSON	Foolish Beat (7" & 12")	AFRIKA BAMBAATAA	Sho' Nuff Funky (12")
SCARLET FANTASTIC	Film Star Kiss	GLORIA LORING WITH BOBBY CALDWELL	One Love, One Heart (One Hand In Mine)	SINEAD O'CONNOR with M. C. LYTE	I Want Your (Hands On Me) (7" & 12")
GARY NUMAN	Radio Heart (7" & 12")	1927	That's When I Think Of You	SINEAD O'CONNOR	Just Call Me Joe (7" & 12")
RICK SPRINGFIELD	Honeymoon In Beirut	TOMMY PAGE	Turning On Me (12")	THE CHRISTIANS	Forgotten Town (7" & 12")
LIVING COLOUR	Middle Man	DALE	Simon Simon (12")	ELISA FIORILLO	Forgive Me For Dreaming
JOY DIVISION	Atmosphere (7" & cassette)	THAT'S THAT	Bit House (7" & 12")	JESSE JOHNSON	Love Struck (7" & 12")
STRYPER	Always There For You	DONNA FISK	She's Driving Me Out (7" & 12")	E. G. DAILY	Mind Over Matter (7" & 12")
THE STYLE COUNCIL	Life At The Top Peoples Health Farm	GLASS TIGER	I'm Still Searching (7" & 12")		
JOHN ILLSLEY	I Want To See The Moon				

Albums

DWEEZIL ZAPPA	My Guitar Wants To Kill Your Mama	HIT PIX - MEGA MIXES	Various Artists	THE RAMONES	Ramone Mania
THE HOUSEMARTINS	Now That's What I Call Quite Good	PEBBLES	Pebbles	HOTHOUSE FLOWERS	People
CROWDED HOUSE	Temple Of Low Men	NARADA	Divine Emotion	RUN D.M.C.	Tougher Than Leather
SO	Horseshoe In The Glove	ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK	Colors	JOHN ILLSLEY	Glass
PAT McLAUGHLIN	Pat McLaughlin	AL B. SURE!	In Effect Mode	DEL LORDS	Based On A True Story
JANE WIEDLIN	Fur	THE SUN AND THE MOON	The Sun And The Moon	GREGORY ABBOTT	I'll Prive It To You
CLIFF RICHARD	Remember Me	FREHLEY'S COMET	Second Sighting	JOHNNY MATHIS	Once In A While
		ROBIN TROWER	Take What You Need		

CD

JOHN FARNHAM	Age Of Reason (single)	FREHLEY'S COMET	Second Sighting	BRYAN ADAMS	Bryan Adams
HOTHOUSE FLOWERS	People	NARADA	Divine Emotion	STYX	Crystal Ball
RUN D.M.C.	Tougher Than Leather	AL B. SURE!	In Effect Mode	SUPERTRAMP	Supertramp
JOHN ILLSLEY	Glass	K. D. LANG	Shadowland	RICK WAKEMAN	Journey To The Centre Of The Earth
MIGUEL BOSE	XXX	FRANK SINATRA & COUNT BASIE	Sinatra-Basie	CAPTAIN & TENNILLE	Captain & Tennille's Greatest Hits
PEBBLES	Pebbles	CLIFF RICHARD	Remember Me	THE TRIFFIDS	Love In Bright Landscapes
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK	The Glass Menagerie	CROWDED HOUSE	Temple Of Low Men	BOURGEIS TAG	YoYo
ROBIN TROWER	Take What You Need	FAIRPORT CONVENTION	Liege And Lief		
GLORIA LORING	Full Moon/No Hesitation				

Video

TALKING HEADS — STORY	INNER SPACE	SWEET LIES
TELLING GIANT	(Comedy, PG, Warner)	(Comedy, M. Roadshow)
(Music EMI)	MANHATTAN	THE TERMINAL MAN
WHITESNAKE — TRILOGY	(Comedy, M. Warner)	(Drama, M. Roadshow)
(Music EMI)	THE NAKED RUNNER	HEART
BUGS BUNNY'S WACKY	(Spy drama, M, Warner)	(Drama, M. Roadshow)
ADVENTURES	RATBOY	DISTORTIONS
(Animated, G, Warner)	(Comedy, M, Warner)	(Thriller, M. Virgin)
THE IDOLMAKER	THE RUNNING MAN	A HAZARD OF HEARTS
(Pop drama, PG, Warner)	(Action, R, Roadshow)	(Adventure, PG, Virgin)

BILLY BRAG:



He's just got to No. 1 in England. . . and he's worried sick about it!

Billy Bragg is slumped morosely on a box in a funny T-shirt. Jet-lagged from the USA and late for a visit to his mum's, Bragg remains non-committal to the fact that his cover of The Beatles "She's Leaving Home" (the b-side being Wet Wet Wet's rendition of "With A Little Help From My Friends") from a cover LP of Beatles songs has just topped the English charts.

"It'll probably be my last" he mutters, trying to remove the T-shirt. "I'm still able to ride on the tube unmolested . . . Perhaps I'd feel different if it was actually a Billy Bragg single or a Billy Bragg song."

"But I'm pleased about it, and I'm proud of it, it's done the job and it got up there."

Unfortunately for Bragg, it's also catapulted him into the hells of commercialism, where pop magazines want him to pose for silly photos and he has to appear on TV shows like *Top Of The Pops*, which he says was a nightmare.

"We wanted to play live, and when it came to recording it, I cocked the words up and Wiggy played the recorder off-key . . . and they said to me 'if there's any technical problems . . .'"

If anything he seems a bit remote and bemused about getting to No. 1.

"I can see the headlines now — 'BRAGG HAS NUMBER ONE BY ACCIDENT, DESTROYS YEARS OF BUILT UP CREDIBILITY:'

CAREER IN TATTERS.' There's a bit of this Number One thing which worries me because, all respect to The Housemartins, but that's what I'd them up.

"On the one hand it's great, especially for the cause. But on the other you're stuck in there with the Climie Fishers."

Bragg is under no disillusion about his chart poll success. He says having Wet Wet Wet on the b-side helped, as a record with Sonic Youth would never have made it. What's more, he heartily approves of Wet Wet Wet despite their huge status in Britain as pinup heroes. He thinks they've got a grounding of reality, and remembers how they agreed to do the Red Wedge tour before they were known.

Bragg incidentally has just returned from Lithuania, a week before Pop Will Eat Itself (see last week's issue — ed) played there. Originally Bragg got interested in the idea when he was offered the chance to play with some Russian bands.

But things got a bit confusing. East Germany refused to allow Bragg to enter their country, for the same reason that daytime radio in America and England wouldn't play his records.

"Cos we're too political. In East Germany they've got all these youngsters rioting and they wouldn't let us go. It's the same reason why the (BBC) wouldn't play 'Between The Wars' on daytime radio when it was in the charts."

Bragg played Lithuania where he faced promoters who were disorganised and had very

little respect for him: to them, he was just a singer who travelled and played for no fee.

"I'm not big enough for the Soviet Union. They want Genesis. They want Queen and Billy Joel and Paul McCartney and the reason is because they make all the money from the concerts and the records. They're not interested in putting a Billy Bragg record out, they don't care if I come or not."

A few months ago Bragg released a record on which he posed wearing a fur hat on a big Russian train. The record featured songs recorded in both the USSR and the USA and was originally released only in America. Sales were minimal although he did get into a post-modernist chart.

During his US tour, Bragg spent a lot of time at election rallies, thought it was interesting that Dukakis promised to help bring a solution to the Irish "problem" and saddened that in New York the rallies went down racial lines, with Mayor Ed Koch urging Jews not to vote for Jesse Jackson because of the latter's allegedly pro-Arab statements.

Bragg's American record featured a polite exhortation requesting American citizens to register for voting. Why this stand from a Britisher when even American acts didn't get so involved?

"I happen to believe that the fight to make (Britain) a decent place to live doesn't end at Westminster. You know that the American elections are going to have a direct result here."

— DAVID QUANTICK

LA GUNS: "We're nasty and oh yeah, perverted too!"

Philip Lewis says he no longer objects when people call him and La Guns exponents of "sleaze rock". He used to when they first started taunting him with it, but now with such bedmates as Guns'n'Roses and Faster Pussycat (also close friends) tarred with the same brush, why not?

Basically, we don't care what you call us, just as long as people know we're not in the same category as Dokken and Stryper. Those guys drive limos, live in mansions, they just wanna be filthy rich. We're just filthy!

"Our music's pretty much sleazy, low life and on-the-edge because that's what life's like. Even if we make money and the cars get nicer, you'll bet they'll be dirtier."

Philip Lewis is the man who put L.A. Guns together. He actually came from England, where he was a singer with a glam band called Girl. They'd started out as a giggle, got signed and then hated it because record companies were pressurising them for hit records. Philip's best friend played guitar in the band: Phil Colleen. The latter was considered such a hot shot guitarist that at one stage both Def Leppard and Iron Maiden asked him to join. Colleen chose Leppard and went on to mass success; he and Lewis remain close, keeping in touch every few weeks.

Girl collapsed after Colleen left, and Lewis wandered around London almost penniless. All he had to his name was \$200 and a hair-dryer. He finally figured that he'd rather be



starving in LA instead of starving in London.

He came to LA with the sole notion of putting together a band that sounded and looked as dirty a mixture as Aerosmith, the Stones and the Pistols.

One of the first friends he made was Axyl Rose, now singer with Guns'n'Roses. In fact, the other members of L.A. Guns started out in similar flamboyant sleaze-glam bands.

Guitarist Tracii Guns was obviously in Guns'n'Roses. Guitarist Mick Cripps came from the same club circles. Bassist Kelly Nick-

els had been in Faster Pussycat. Then he got injured in a nasty motorcycle accident and, impatiently, Pussycat sacked him so they could get on with playing. Stunned, Kelly returned to New York . . . when he got a phone call from Philip.

"The thing with the best rock bands is that all the members are key people. They function like a band, so when they lose one, they cease to function. It's noble to see the way Def Leppard hung on to Rick, it's noble to see the way Led Zeppelin gave it up when they lost John

Bonham. Look at The Who — they thought they could replace Keith Moon and they couldn't.

"I'd wanted to play with Kelly even before he joined Pussycat. When I heard they'd thrown him out, I couldn't get on the phone fast enough. I said 'I don't care if you can't walk, I want you in L.A. Guns, just get out here!'"

Drummer Steve Riley who'd run into Philip years before had expressed a desire to form a band with him. But W.A.S.P. grabbed him instead, and Steve was happy with them for the first couple of years.

"From what I gather, Blackie Lawless is a real asshole, impossible to work with. Then he wanted all the guys to dye their hair blonde, and Steve refused, so he got thrown out."

What word sums up the band's attitude?

"Nasty! We're not just bad boys, we're nasty and perverted. If you're going to go through life, you've gotta be tough, gotta be your own man, gotta make sure no-one walks over you."

How does Philip look back on his early play-boy image?

"It was great! One minute I was in a London squat, next minute I was dating Britt Eckland eating in a posh restaurant. It was fun days. On our *Sheer Greed* (Girl) LP, we dedicated it to the girl that 'has everything, wants more . . . and knows how to get it'. We were talking about girls who'd do anything and everything to get what they wanted!"

"Right now I'm dating a girl who belongs to a European royal family, and they're more decadent and obscene than the dirtiest rock star!"

KILLING JOKE: Jaz turns to expressing himself through orchestras

Jaz Coleman is an overpowering man. He speaks with a resounding conviction as though he couldn't possibly be mistaken, and his face is tense and unmoving when he answers a question. All the more unsettling, then, when he bursts into his snarling laugh.

It's easy to see how he gets his terrifying reputation.

Like most of those whose art is loud and riotous, Jaz presents himself as a well spoken



good mannered gentleman. He's grown older and wiser of late; the fact that he has a little baby in the house might have something to do with it.

On the other hand, he's up to his seventh album with Killing Joke, and he's realised that great reviews don't sell records. Day-time radio and TV airplay do that and he's eager to get them because he wants his music to be heard.

Just prior to the release of the new Killing Joke LP *Outside The Gate*, there was a flurry of 'Killing Joke Split' stories in the English rock press. What merely happened is that Jaz became dissatisfied with drummer Paul Ferguson's work on *Outside The Gate* and had them re-recorded.

In protest Ferguson and bassist Raven quit, leaving Coleman and guitarist Geordie. Jaz remains unaffected by the resulting back biting: he says that the band has mainly been a vehicle for his ideas anyway, and says of his former colleagues, "I intend to have a good meal with them all in a year's time."

He's since ended up with the rights to the name, which suggests his head's not as far up his ass as his critics might suggest. Given the chaotic sludge of the early Killing Joke records, it's not hard to understand why he wanted the drums on *Outside The Gate* re-recorded because he wants to break Killing Joke into a wider market. He's got plans to widen his own career too, of course. His writing of symphonies is one thing (see 'Pulse' — ed) recreating Killing Joke to a sophisticated animal thing is another.

"I've dreamt about having an articulate unit. The last 14 months have been spent in getting



• Killing Joke's Jaz Coleman (pic by Jim Hooper)

the band rearranged to accommodate other areas of my music. I don't want to be sentenced for the rest of my career to 4/4 time, intro-verse-chorus-verse-chorus-develop-ment-outro. I want to destroy the chorus in music."

He calls his music New Romanticism. He uses pure melody, pure harmony and dissonance. It's highly melodic in parts, harsh in others. It's the same with his symphony works, the same with the new direction he's given to Killing Joke.

"It comes from the same singular obsession" he talks about his two styles. Killing Joke have always been a singular obsessive group. Their early records were grim and monstrous creations: doom laden songs driven by Geor-

die's formidable guitar and Coleman's macabre sense of power and glory. With this current regression to Led Zeppelin riffs, you'd expect Killing Joke to benefit the most (especially with Jaz's visions of empires, flame and satanic forces).

But his ambitions are grander than that. The last Joke LP *Brighter Than A Thousand Suns* showed the dawn break over his brave new world. It doesn't matter if radio doesn't play Killing Joke records, the news is still getting through, he insists.

"The gematria system must be working because I've released 'America' and they've just bombed three Iranian oil rigs. There is my publicity. When I released 'Empire Song' then the Falklands happened!"

Live ON STAGE

Noiseworks

Venue: 21st Century, The Charles Hotel

Noiseworks has another year on the road before it realises its potential, at least that is my view as gathered at the above mentioned performance.

Members of Noiseworks sometimes go to great lengths to tell people that the band is "just a rock'n'roll band making rock'n'roll music for rock'n'roll fans". Rock'n'roll is the operative phrase.

But Noiseworks isn't really a rock'n'roll band. It's more of a hard pop sound, than a definite rock groove. The band touches on rock'n'roll but then quickly skips out of it and take on a decidedly pretty feel. Just as the band is getting into the rock'n'roll rhythm it will destroy it with keyboard washes and too many vocal harmonies. Harmonies should be used to complement a song but Noiseworks seem obsessed with them and they rear their harmonic heads in every single song and at every available point. Harmonies should be used to emphasise certain musical lines and as an augmentation to the main thrust of the lead singer's vocals. When they are used too often



• Noiseworks pic by Tony Mott

they become standard and expected, thus losing their real impact.

21st Century seemed a perfect place to put on a great show. The doors were closed 45 minutes before the band began and you could feel that the audience in the main were more than eager to see Australia's most popular, so-called new rock band.

As the five members got into the first song, you could hear the sound was going to be of a superior quality throughout the night, which,

indeed, it was. And then the band would crank it up, really letting it fire. Lead singer Jon Stevens has a superb voice. Stuart Fraser is one of the most underrated lead guitarists in the land, and the rhythm section and keyboard players are all above par. But it gets down to being the sum of the parts doesn't always equal a whole. I have seen and heard Noiseworks gell and it rates as one of the best live acts in the country when it does. Unfortunately, tonight it was held together with cotton instead of steel. The band slipped in and out of a cohesive musical structure with regularity. Possibly, it was just one of those nights... it's also one of the nights when I chose to review it so I can tell you no lies. [Spare the puns, please. Next you'll be telling us you were yearning for that burning feeling — Ed.] Besides, members of the audience don't want excuses. They don't think, 'Oh well, it must have been one of those nights'. They have paid their money and they want to be impressed. Never mind the reasons.

But then again, I wonder how many people even thought about it. Perhaps only a few, perhaps only those few which have seen and heard the band on more than 10 occasions, such as your correspondent.

Several new songs were performed but they didn't differ that much in tone from anything Noiseworks has previously released. When you're on a good thing though I guess you stick with it. In addition, Noiseworks, in Australia at least, has a definite sound. No other band in the country sounds remotely such as it, although perhaps there would be a few US ones which do. That is why I believe Noiseworks has been such a big success; it has a dual American-Australian feel to it. It is not American enough to be called a blatant attempt to cash in on the market and not Australian enough to be pigeonholed as yet another classic Antipodean musical ambassador. It has an international face and sound.

All in all, the point is that Noiseworks can do much better than was displayed at the 21st Century. I've heard them do much better. Another year on the road will really draw them together. Band's need such time. I believe a band takes about five years together to make it really great live and I think Noiseworks has the base to be built upon.

— SCOTT HOWLETT

The Screaming Tribesmen

Venue: Old Melbourne Hotel

On the strength of its latest vinyl releases, I probably wouldn't have gone to see and hear the underground band I once so admired. But curiosity and the unbelievable comments sprouted from more than satisfied customers was more than I could stand. I had to see and hear for myself.

Ask if someone knows the Screaming Tribesmen, and they'd answer *Date With A Vampyre*. *Top Of The Town* dismissed them as selling out, ostracising them from independent charts because the band wasn't underground enough and from commercial charts because it wasn't mass-market enough. "The prestige of significant failure," as lead guitarist Chris Masuak said in Sydney once.

But from that moment these guys walked on stage, the room was filled with a power sound that Perth has long been craving.

THIS was a real rock 'n' roll band.

Factors contributing to this band's worth were innumerable. The fact the Masuak and the bass guitarist could sing perfect vocal harmonies amongst the loud crash and while they played furiously was notable in itself. The band played with no noticeable effort whatsoever, which does not mean to say the band members were playing lazily but seemingly like they were rolling off a log. The Tribesmen, the people that is, are so self-confident they have nothing to doubt.



• The Tribesmen's Chris Masuak (Pic by Marty Williams)

The lead singer, Mick Medew, may look as if his body is eroding away from his bones but armed with a guitar he takes on the audience with an attitude that he's here for a good time and he's gonna have it. Every move, every note had obviously been planned, yet it was delivered in such a relaxed manner that there was no doubting his professionalism or indeed, the rest of the bands.

Chris Masuak is a guitar God, nothing less. He is one of the damn slickest players I have yet heard. From the prettiest picking to the longest lead, not one ounce of ego is split. Masuak produces a sound, an atmosphere of rock 'n' roll, occasionally diverting to power pop. Masuak carried himself and the set perfectly.

The true test of any band is to hear and see its worth live. The Screaming Tribesmen was screamed back for three encores. Speaks for itself.

SINDY SWEET

Bruce Springsteen

Venue: Birmingham Aston Villa FC, London
Asbury Park in 1988 is a ghost town. The boardwalk is bare, save for the occasional senior citizen exercising a dog. The fairground has lost its attraction, and it's hard to find a sideshow sign with every lightbulb in working order.

The New Jersey shrine for Bruceologists has lost its glow, but to listen to Springsteen it sounds like a great place to grow up and to prove it, he's showing off the postcards of his past.

The 'Tunnel Of Love Express' is much more introspective than the sky-punching histrionics of *Born In The USA* three years ago. The tour has been criticised in the States as it fails to confront political issues in election year: "We're here to talk about L-U-V!" Bruce tells us.

Springsteen, the garage hand from a ghost town, is in his late 30s and now it's time to look back on his life and loves.

And there is his current love, Patty Scialfa, very much up front, putting Nils Lofgren and even Clarence Clemons in the shadows. The onstage exchanges between The Boss and his new belle are faintly reminiscent of Meatloaf and Ellen Foley. Her musical contribution is more Linda McCartney than Linda Womack. She's got basic grade guitar, good legs and a functional voice, but that's where it ends.

Yet, there she is sharing centre stage, adding previously unnecessary vocals to familiar songs and playing extremely surplus instruments. Do we really need two acoustic guitars on 'Born In The USA'?

Springsteen tries to recreate his New Jersey roots of candy floss and Ferris wheels, turning a football ground into a funfair for the common man.

Skeletons dance out of closets, much of the 'Born To Run' album is given an airing, and it's time for a reappraisal.

"Over the years I've put all these people in all these cars and I guess I oughta try and find them some place to go," he says before a stripped-bare reading of 'Born To Run'. Magically he turns an Orbison-style anthem into a Woody Guthrie travelogue, hope and despair walking hand-in-hand under the boardwalk.

But mistakes have been made and are re-



peated on stage. Only Springsteen could come up with as clumsy a metaphor as 'Spare Parts' where bastard offspring is likened to pieces of a car engine.

Overall the rich imagery works well and, although it's fairly obvious the monologues have been rehearsed to perfection, they are still an integral part of any Springsteen show.

A park bench is brought on to the stage for Clarence and Bruce to reminisce about the old days, an intro to the Drifters' calypso of 'All That Heaven Will Allow'. It's one of several timeslips into America's pop past; at other points Bruce evokes the ghosts of Presley, Otis Redding, Richie Valens, Buddy Holly and Sam Cooke.

A five-man horn section fills out the sound for the soul revue numbers and double as pretty poor dancers, but they're effective on 'Sweet Soul Music' and 'Hungry Heart'.

As usual, Springsteen gives us a little bit of everything and there is no other rock show in the world with so much variety, although you could argue that it's easy to achieve when you're on stage for three hours.

Compared to previous showings, Bruce is an older, wiser and much happier man. He may disappoint the flag wavers who want to stomp their feet and misinterpret 'Born In The USA' as a song of patriotism, but his maturity shines through more than ever and he is the nearest America has to a complete performer.

The lights of Asbury Park's fairgrounds may have faded or fused, but its most famous son is still on fire, burning like a 200 watt beacon of brilliance.

— TERRY STAUNTON

Wet Wet Wet

Venue: Alexandra Palace, London
Wet Wet Wet are playing Alexandra Palace tonight...

(Two 13 year olds behind me are waving a Wet Wet Wet scarf. One at each end so it must be heavy. They are screaming in F-sharp unison, flicking V-signs and wriggling their hips. When I was their age I dressed like Anne Frank and stayed in my room all day. I was afraid of The Bogeyman. These girls aren't afraid of anything...)

Wet Wet Wet are a riot of jackets and beans. And so clean. I could eat my dinner off them. The singer is oddly short.

Nevertheless he is cute and fairly talented. Two innocuous qualities like that go a long way these days. They open joint bank accounts. He slings us a song called 'East Of The River' in George Michael vocals. He is smiling, with his eyes tightly shut. (Those girls behind me are waving Wet Wet Wet programmes. And T-shirts, and records. How can they afford it? Somebody screams. That's torn it. You know how it is with babies. One starts and they all

start. Unbearable, unbearable noise. Decibels like Jackboots dance on my nerves. Whatever happened to the soft hiss of teen-pretension?)

The singer is strutting across the stage like a hen towards its feed. Then he makes like a crab. What a mover. The bass player's head descends into his white polo-neck. It is the drummer's birthday. We chant 'Nelson Mandela'. And they play an instrumental. Everything's going brilliantly.

The singer sings all the way through the instrumental. But if his voice is his instrument then why doesn't he tune it? Holding notes is no problem. Finding them obviously is. They launch into a new one: 'Keys To Your Heart'.

The singer goes for a funky walk behind the drum-kit. The drummer cancels his birthday. Everybody freaks out again. The air is heavy with good intentions. The singer seizes the opportunity to bum another note. A thousand black soul singers turn in their graves and now he is smiling again. That singer never stops smiling. My eyes snap shut. Tightly.

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N.S.W.

ALMOST STRANDED

125 Sutherland Royal Hotel
THE ANGELS
 12 Tamworth Workers, 13
 Hoey Moey Park Beach, 14
 Sth. Grafton Ex-Services
AUSTEN TAYSHUS
 13 Caringbah Inn, 14 Banjo's
 (early), 14 Forest Inn, Bex-
 ley (late)

BABY LOVES TO CHA-CHA

15 North Wollongong Hotel,
 16 Fanny's Tavern, Newcas-
 tle, 17 Orange Grove Hotel,
 Leichhardt

CHRIS BAILEY & FRIENDS

15 Stocked Tavern, 16 Kar-
 domah Cafe
BIGGER THAN TEXAS
 15 Sydney Cove Tavern
BOBBY SOX
 13 Feathers, 16 Hotel Manly
BOP TILL U DROP
 14 Orange Grove Hotel,
 Leichhardt, 15 Fantaes, 16
 Mosman Rowing Club
CATTLETRUCK
 13 The Brink, 14 Hotel Man-
 ly, 15 Hills Inn

CHAD'S TREE

14 Landsdowne Hotel
CHASIN' THE TRAIN
 12 Quay 1, Newcastle, 13
 Canberra Labor Club, 14
 Central Coast Leagues, 15
 Parramatta Leagues, 16
 Shellharbour Workers
CHOSEN FEW
 15 Fairfield R.S.L.
CLICHE
 15 Rooty Hill R.S.L., 16
 Banjos

NICKY CRAYSON

13 Tracks, Epping
CREMATOR
 15, 16 New Century Hotel
DANGLIN BROS.
 16 Harold Park Hotel
THE DELLTONES
 16 Depto Leagues
DEMONT
 12 Hotel Manly, 14 Camp-
 belltown RSL
DIRTY WHITE BOYS
 15 Sheilas
EARTHLINGS
 14 Max's, 15 Tourmaline
 Hotel

THE MAL EASTICK BAND

13 Caringbah Inn, 14 Cam-
 bridge Tavern, 15 Hotel
 Manly, 17 Lucy's Tavern
ECCENTRIC CIRCLES
 16 Hills Inn
ENORMOUS HORNS
 13 All Nations Club, 15 Moby
 Dicks, 16 Stags
FALLEN SAINT
 14 St. James Tavern
FLUID CELL
 14 Annandale Hotel
FLYING TIGERS
 14 Banjos

FOOD

15 Sydney Cove Tavern
THE FOUR KINSMEN
 13-17 Twin Towns Services
 Club
FUN IN ACAPULCO
 15 Didi's
GALAPAGOS DUCK
 13 Tracks, Epping
GENERATION
 13 Grand Hotel, Bondi, 14
 Pennant Hills Inn, 16 Palais
 Royale, 17 Drummoyne
 Rovers

GONDWANALAND

13 Tracks, Epping
GOLD ZEPPELIN
 12 Hotel Manly, 15 Three
 Swallows, 16 General
 Bourke Hotel
GREAT BITE
 16 Palais Royale
HAPPY HATE ME NOTS
 16 Max's, Petersham Hotel
JERRY HARRISON
 13 Dapto Leagues, 14 Quay
 1, Newcastle, 15 Selinas, 16
 Bankstown R.S.L.
THE HIPPOS
 14 Feathers
HIPSLINGERS
 13 Dapto Leagues, 14 Manly
 Hotel, 15 Selinas
HUXTON CREEPERS
 12 Jindabyne Hotel, 13 St.
 James Tavern, 14 Harold
 park Hotel, 15 Fairfield
 R.S.L., 16 The Venue, Dee
 Why, 17 Four Seasons,
 Bathurst
THE INVISIBLE OPERA
COMPANY OF TIBET
 11 Grafton, 12 Bundagen
 Community House, Coffs
 Harbour, 13 Bellingen, 14
 Macksville, 15 Port
 Macquarie
JOHNNY DIESEL & THE
INJECTORS
 12 Hotel Manly, 14 Revesby
 Roundhouse, 16 Selinas, 17
 Caringbah Inn
JUMP BACK JACK
 12 The Brink, 15 Annandale
 Hotel, 16 Harbourside
 Brasserie
KIZUM
 15 Chester Hill Hotel
ED KUEPPER & THE
YARD GOES ON
FOREVER
 11 Fanny's Tavern
LOVE MINUS ZERO
 14 Sutherland Royal Hotel

GOLD ZEPPELIN

12 Hotel Manly, 15 Three
 Swallows, 16 General
 Bourke Hotel
GREAT BITE
 16 Palais Royale
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 16 Underground
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 17 Somerville Hotel
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REPTILES
 16 Corner Hotel
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 16 Barwon Heads Hotel
BIG BRONZE CAR
 16 The Tote, Collingwood
BLUE RUIN
 13 Chevron, 15 Festival Hall,
 16 Deakin Uni.
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 12, 15 Ferntree Gully Hotel,
 13 Waltzing Matilda, 16 Mor-
 dialloc Hotel
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BROS.
 15 St. Albans Hotel
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 15 Baxter Tavern, Baxter, 16
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 16 Westside Hotel
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CARPENTER
 15, 16 Ferntree Gully Hotel
CARROT FARMERS
 13 Skinny Dog, 15 Esplanade
 Hotel
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 Kilda
THE CHA'BOOGIE BROS.
 14 Town Hall Hotel, Sth.
 Melb., 15, 16 Victoria Hotel,
 Yarraville
THE CHOICE
 14 Riverside Inn, 15 The
 Tote
CLOWNS SMILING
BACKWARDS
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 Collingwood
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 12 Dan O'Connell Hotel, 15,
 16 Kinross Woolshed, Albury
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 Bendigo, 14 Merton Hotel,
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 Green
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 17 Parkview Hotel, Fitzroy
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 14 Probes, Moonee Ponds
DANCIN' DAZE
 15 Underground

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DE JANEIRO BLUES
 14, 15 Tok H, Toorak, 16
 Cleo's Sentimental Bloke
 Hotel
DEJA VUE
 13 Alexanders, Gardenvale
DOUBLE TROUBLE
 13, 15 Greensborough Hotel,
 14 Mountainview Hotel,
 Glen Waverley, 15 Roxy Ho-
 tel, Sth. Melb., 16 Dorset
 Gardens.
LEO DOULTON
 15 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha,
 16 Commercial Hotel, South
 Morang
DUST ON THE BIBLE
 15 CUB Club
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 Hotham City Diner, Haw-
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 16 Falcons Nest, Nth. Melb.
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 13 Geebung Polo Club,
 Hawthorn
THE ELATION
FOUNDATION
 14 Corner Hotel
ENNISBRAE
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 15, 16 The Club Dancing Bar
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 15 Smith St. Bar & Bistro, 16
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THE HONEYTHIEVES
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COLLECTORS
 15 Festival Hall, 16 Deakin
 University, Geelong
THE HYBRID
 15 The Tote, Collingwood, 16
 Post Office Hotel, Coburg
INDIAN SUMMER
 13 Laz, Melbourne, 16
 Gina's, Carlton
IN FOR RED
 15 Croydon Hotel



• New Melbourne outfit The Honeythieves (made up of ex-members of bands including The Adventure and Big Music Works) will debut at Chasers in Melbourne on Wednesday, July 13.

The Juke national gig guide is Australia's most comprehensive weekly look at who's playing where — right across the country.

The service is completely free of charge and is available to all bands and musicians wishing to advertise their gigs.

All Gig Guide information must be lodged with Juke by 11 a.m. on Thursday mornings, for the following week's gigs (Monday to Sunday).

Please note, that under NO circumstances will gig listings or alterations be taken after the close-off time.

Listings can be posted, or phoned to Debra Baines on (03) 605 4228. They can also be telexed on AA30331.



INNER SECRETS

15 Grandview Hotel, Brunswick, 16 Provincial Hotel, Ballarast, 17 CUB Club, Collingwood
PETER JACKSON
 16 Underground
JERRY JAMES & THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY
 11 Albion Hotel, 15 Riverside Inn, 16 St. Andrews Hotel
JANZ
 14 Warehouse, 16 Zanies
JOHNNY FAVOURITE
 17 Underground
POMMY JOHNSON
 15 Middle Park Hotel
JOKERS WILD
 14 Grand Hotel, Mornington, 15 Sandown Park Hotel
FRANK JONES & THE WHOLE TOWN
 17 CUB Club
PAUL KELLY & THE COLOURED GIRLS
 15 Festival Hall, 16 Deakin University, Geelong
ADRIAN KEOGH
 15, 16 Dingley Hotel
KIA KAH
 16 Sydenham Hotel
KICK THE MOON
 15 Ferntree Gully Hotel
KING SNAKE ROOST
 15 Duke of Edinburgh
ED KUEPPER & THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
 15 Pince of Wales, 16 Corner Hotel, 17 Melbourne Uni.
KYOTO
 14 Mentone Hotel
LADY IN A JAM
 14 Greensborough Hotel, 15 Shopping Town Hotel, Doncaster, 16 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
THE LANTERNS
 12 CUB Club
THE LAW
 13 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda, 15 Old Greek Tavern, Richmond
SHAUN LEAHY
 15 Railway Hotel, Windsor
LIKELY LADS
 11 Monash Uni.
LINE OF FIRE
 14 Skinny Dog
LIVING PROOF
 15 Langwarrin
LONDON, NEW YORK, PARIS
 14 Underground
LONELY BOYS
 13 Edwards Tavern, 14 Tankerville Arms, 15 Intrepid Fox, 16 Riverside Inn
GIL LONGLEY
 11 Hotham City Diner, Hawthorn, 13, 14, 15, Block Tavern, City, 16 Palace Hotel, Camberwell

BILLY LONELY

16 Royal Hotel, Mornington
LOVE STARS
 16 Her Majesty's, Sth. Yarra
ANDY LUTZE & ELECTRIC CO.
 15 Old Greek Theatre, Richmond, 16 Ashleys Hotel, Braybrook
MACHO CLOWNS
 15 Duke of Edinburgh
PETE MARWICK
 16 Eltham Hotel
MASS CONFUSION
 16 Duke of Edinburgh
MAYBE AN OMEN
 14 Somerville Hotel, 15 Cricketers Arms, Richmond
MELODY LORDS
 17 Underground
MERCURY'S
 16 Skinny Dog
MUD CRABS
 17 Riverside Inn
MUNSTER TERRACE
 15 Continental Hotel, Sorrento, 16 Somerville Hotel
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 15 Her Majesty's, Sth. Yarra
MY THREE SONS
 15 Middle Park Hotel
NAKED CITY
 14 Riverside Inn, 15 Royal Hotel, Drouin, 16 Moonee Ponds Tavern
THE NAZZ
 13 Her Majesty's, Sth. Yarra
NEO CLASSIQUE
 13 Grainstore, 14 Central Club, 16 Mail Hotel, City
NEW FRONTIER
 15 Eastern Railway Hotel, 16 Star Hotel
ROSS NICHOL
 15 Village Bell Hotel, St. Kilda, 16 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
NO REMORSE
 16 Duke of Edinburgh
NOT DROWNING WAVING
 16 Prince of Wales
THE NUBILES
 15 Corner Hotel, 16 Ranellagh Yacht Club
ON THE ROCKS
 14 Ferntree Gully Hotel
RICH O'SHEA & HIS CRFUMMY COWBOYS
 15 Terminus Hotel, Abbotsford, 16 Esplanade Hotel
PAINTERS & DOCKERS
 11 Monash Uni, 16 Ocean Grove Hotel
PHIL PARA & THE PERSUADERS
 15 Riverside Inn
CHICK PARIS QUINTET
 14 Limerick Arms, Sth. Melb
BRENT PARLANE
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BRENT PARLANE BAND

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 16 Middle Park Hotel
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 14 Underground
PUSH OF LOVE
 13 Underground
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 14 Ferntree Gully Hotel
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 15 Bell St. Rock
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SENSATIONAL ROCKET 88'S
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 16 Napier Hotel, Fitzroy
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 15 Middle Park Hotel
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 12 Ferntree Gully Hotel
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 13 Roxy Hotel, Sth Melb, 14 Panton Hill Hotel
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 12 Station Hotel, 13 Riverside Inn, 14 The Roxy, 15 Velvets, Bendigo, 16 John Barleycorn
TEACHERS PETS
 13 Central Hotel, Brighton, 15 Hot Gossip Dance Club, 16 Velvets, Bendigo, 17 Sundowner Hotel, Geelong
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 17 Hotham City Diner, Hawthorn
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 16 Intrepid Fox Hotel
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 15 Lyndhurst Club Hotel, Brunswick
TIMES TWO
 16 Roxy Hotel, Sth Melb

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THE TROUSER SNAKES
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 13 Lincolnshire Arms, 15 Grand Hotel, Mornington
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 17 Regent Hotel
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 16 Melbourne Uni, Union Bldg.
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 14 Royal Derby Hotel, Fitzroy, 16 Zanies
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 15 Esplanade Hotel, 16 Skinny Dog
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 15 Eltham Hotel, 16 Rangers Hotel, Gembrook
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 13 Monash Uni. (lunch), 13 Wool Exchange, Geelong, 14 Mentone Hotel, 15 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 16 The Palace, 17 Corner Hotel
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 17 Underground
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 14 Club Hotel, East Ringwood
VIRGIN SOLDIERS
 13 Riverside Inn
WARNER BROTHERS
 15 Riverside Inn
BARBARA WATERS
 15 Middle Park Hotel
THE WELL
 14 Cub Club
ANDY WILLIAMS
 17 Tigers Head Brewery, Nth Melb
WINTER SOLSTICE
 17 Corner Hotel
BRIAN WOOD
 12 Regent Hotel
WORLDS AWAY
 17 Spyhole, Parkview Hotel, Fitzroy
STEVIE WRIGHT & HARD RAIN
 13 Wool Exchange, Geelong, 14 Centre Club, Morwell, 15 Old Greek Theatre, Richmond, 16 Bridge Hotel, Mildura, 17 Sundance Inn, Falls Creek
YOGI GOES BEAR
 16 Underground

Queensland

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BANG BANG
 15 Brisbane Tavern
BOOM CRASH OPERA
 11 Entertainment Centre
CHANTOOZIES
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 13 Captain Cook Tavern, 14, 16 Sunnybank Hotel, 15 Burpengary Tavern
THE ICEBREAKERS
 13 Expo Fun Park
INDECENT EXPOSURE
 15 Capalaba Tavern
INDECENT OBSESSION
 16 Parkview Hotel
MILLION AIRS & TEDDY BEARS
 15 Deception Bay Hotel, 17 Fishermans Wharf
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 11 Expo Riverstage
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 16 Bonaparte's (arvo), 17 The Trans Continental (arvo)
NOISEWORKS
 11 Entertainment Centre
JAMES REYNE
 11 Brisbane Entertainment Centre, 12 Seagulls, Tweed Heads
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 15 Waterloo Bay Hotel
VOYEUR
 13 Tops, Myer Centre
WIZARDS OF OZ
 17 The Patch, Coolangatta
YELLOW HARRY
 17 Bonaparte's Tavern

South. Aust.

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 15 Elizabeth Downs Hotel
THE BLOKES
 11 La Cantaina
KATE CEBERANO & HER SEPTET
 14, 15, 16 Club Foote
CHAD & ELVIS
 11 Royal Admiral Hotel
THE FABULOUS CASUAL TS
 13 Griffins Head Tavern
GUMBO YA YA
 17 General Havelock
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 12, 13 Bridgeway Hotel
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 14 Griffins Head Tavern
HOOCHIE COOCHE
 14 Grenfell Tavern
PAUL KELLY & THE COLOURED GIRLS
 12, 13 Bridgeway Hotel
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 15 Port Dock Brewery
NO RELEASE
 15 La Cantaina
THE PIED PIPER
 11 Adelaide Festival Centre
RAUNCHY LADIES
 11 Lennies Tavern
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 15 Old Lion Hotel
TALL STORIES
 12, 13 Bridgeway Hotel
VERTICAL SMILE
 16 Grenfell Tavern
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 17 Kent Town Hotel
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July 29: Lismore
 July 30: Brisbane
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 August 10-14: Adelaide
 August 19, 20, 21: Gold Coast
 August 23-27: Sydney

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JERRY HARRISON

July 12: Enmore Theatre, Sydney
 July 13: Dapto Leagues Club, Wollongong
 July 14: Quay 1, Newcastle
 July 18: Adelaide
 July 21: World Expo, Brisbane
 July 22: Mentone Hotel, Vic
 July 23, 24: The Palace, Melbourne

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 August 1, 2, 3, 5, 6: Hilton International, Melbourne
 August 10, 11, 12, 13: Hilton International, Adelaide

MEGADETH

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 July 24: State Sports Centre, Sydney
 July 26: Festival Hall, Melbourne
 July 27: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

YAMAHA 12-STRING: a joy to play. . .



The shape and construction of the guitar has been modified fairly freely in response to changes in fashion.

In fact, the six-string version that most of us know and love is a pretty recent addition to the species. In the old days (somewhere between the 16th Century and the emergence of Jimi Hendrix), most guitars had 10, 12 or more strings.

They were great to look at but absolute pigs to keep in tune. The ebony pegs that held the strings were frequently slipping.

I had the same trouble with an Ibanez 12-string guitar I bought in my foolish youth, with dreams of emulating the fat guitar sounds on The Hollies' records.

The Ibanez cost about \$50 and looked just like the one played by the Hollies' acoustic axeman. I'd spend half an hour or so tuning the instrument, then play for five minutes and have to tune it again. On cold days, the thing would go out of tune even quicker.

It also cut the fingers of my left hand to ribbons. Obviously I was not destined to be a guitar hero. After trying to come to grips with the beast for a few months I sold it and took up keyboards.

But the love for the rich octave sounds of a 12-string guitar never die. That's why it's always a delight to come across a superb instrument like the Yamaha APX-9-12, semi-acoustic with dual pick-ups.

This guitar is as far removed from my old Ibanez as Sheena Easton is from heavy metal (although, come to think of it, Sheena might look pretty good in a fantasy HM clip).

Anyway, the Yamaha with its pricetag of around \$1200, is in a different class to the old Ibanez.

Yamaha has made an impression in the last couple of years with some nice lower price solid body models. But until now, the acoustic axes have been nothing to really write home about.

So it's good to come across a Yamaha guitar worth drooling over. And believe me, the APX 12-string has the sound and playability to



make it competitive with the acclaimed Martins and Matons.

Like most fine instruments, the APX is distinctive. The cutaway body and arched back is a computer design that is functional as well as good looking.

Our light brown test model had a reasonably slim neck (46mm) that was contoured to allow rapid hand movement over the frets. The slimness also makes the transition from acoustic to electric modes pretty comfortable.

In fact, the guitar worked equally well with or without amplification.

Despite the thin body, there was a rich resonance when played as an acoustic instrument. The highs were suitably crystalline and the low strings were punchy and full bodied. It was like strumming a choir that was perfectly balanced in tone right across the scale.

And what a joy to play. The Custom strings were lively (obviously quite new) and had more stretch in them than you might expect in a 12-stringer.

Amplified, the APX really shines. The dual pickup system spreads the sound across the stereo spectrum and manages to deliver some impressive 'electric' highs while retaining the 'woody' sound on the low and medium range notes.

You have a fair amount of control too with active volume, treble and bass knobs as well

as a mixing control that allows you to adjust the balance between two pickups and even the position of each string in the stereo field. Push locking knobs secure the sound you set up. With practice, you can mix the strings to sound like two separate guitars. The Hollies would have loved that.

Oh, and by the way, this guitar *does* stay in tune.

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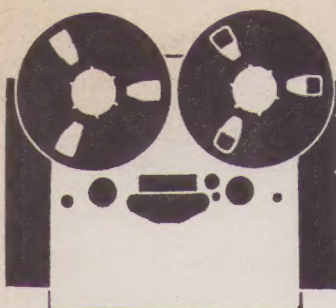
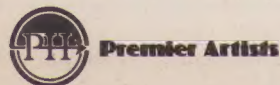
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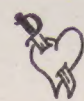
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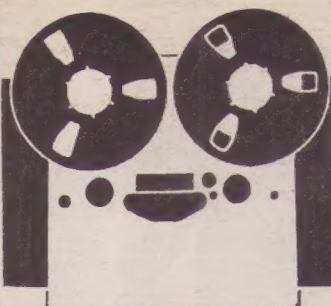
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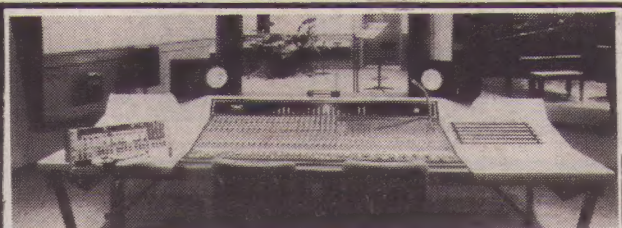
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